JOHN BULL, JULY 7, 1928 Vol. XLIV. No. 1154

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

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(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

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Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 34.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

A.B.C. Guide to the Drapery and Remnant Trade Free.—(The Original.) Published first in 1905, full of valuable hints and information how to make money selling Hosiery, Linens, Pants, Readymades etc. We are the largest, oldest, cheapest and best firm in our line. Come and see us. There's a reason. You will then know who to deal with. Write to-day for the Genuine Guide and Catalogue Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 42, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME.

By selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List Free.—Clegg, Dept. R., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 68, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

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200 LINES in money-making bargains. Pants, Hosiery, Overalls, etc. No rubbish. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for new price list.—Southwell, Halifax Road, Todmorden.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

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BE A SPARE-TIME AGENT and increase your income. Reliable working men wanted by Established Credit Drapery, Footwear and General Merchants. High rate of commission. Liberally supported with samples. No expense. No risk. Ideal Agency for energetic men.—Write Dept. 51, J. E. York, Ltd., 53a, Bayham Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind, good profits. 172-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

DISTRICT CANVASSERS wanted. £5-£14 wkly. Splendid lines for Capable, Exptd. Salesmen. Write, Stanleys, 66, Warton Rd., Stratford, E.16.

AGENCY.—Add to your earnings by representing in spare time old-established firm selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc.; cash and credit; any man in regular work can apply; good commission; liberal supply samples; splendid catalogue, no outlay whatever.—Dept. J. Bessant, Bright Street, Leicester.

XMAS CHOC. & CIG. CLUBS. Agents wanted. Spare time. Best known makes only. 10/- in 5 comm. No outlay. Particulars free.—Lovell's Popular Club, 131-133, Newington Causeway, Ldn., S.E.

A RELIABLE SPARE TIME AGENCY; Higher Commission, Superior Goods, Easier Terms. Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc. Men in work should apply now to SHARMANS, St. Albans.

CHOCOLATE CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Good cash commission. Best makes only. 101 Varieties including two lines of Silk Stockings. Write for illustrated catalogue and full particulars to:—Lodge, Dept. 4, Kirkgate Chambers, Huddersfield.

10/6 IN THE £ Cash Commission. Xmas, Variety Clubs. Astounding Terms. Gold Watches Given. Agents Wanted. — DENNIS & CO. (Dept. J.), COLNE.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Leading Makes Chocs., Cigs., Toys, Jewellery. Largest cash com. Cat. free.—MORRIS BROS., 42, Clifton St., Bradford. Handsome leather-backed Diary free to all Agents. Britain's Largest Club Specialists.

CASH COMMISSION.—AGENTS required to sell leading makes Chocolates, Cigarettes, etc. Excellent Cash Commission.—Write Dept. J., RUSSELL & CO., King Street, Wigan.

AGENTS WANTED to form Xmas Wine Clubs. Good commission. Particulars free.—Dept. S. ACME BOTTLING CO., LTD., Macaulay St., Leeds.

EMPLOYMENT.

A BETTER JOB FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT.—You can make sure of a comfortable future if you decide to become a travelling salesman and study by postal training, in your spare time, under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Trainer of Salesmen. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," are now earning their £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a., in positions found for them by Wallace Attwood. After training, every student is introduced to firms of repute requiring salesmen. If you want to be lifted out of the rut, send a postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7580.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 193, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Offices, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your Work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, Ldn.

IF YOU SEEK A CAREER worthy of your ambitions—healthy and remunerative—be a travelling Representative. Call, write or 'phone for the "FREE Illustrated Route Plan and Guide to the Road to Success," British School of Selling (Salesmanship Ltd.), 86, Kingsway, W.C.2. 'Phone: Holborn 6904/6905.

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100 BOYS, 15 to 16½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, 0/8, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

MEN.—A few men will be accepted to train for employment as trade and private drivers. Small fee. Licensed L.C.C.—MOTOR DRIVERS' UNION, 39, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

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"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10, Welsh 2/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 225, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and List R. to Levaire (Dept. J.B.), 142, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

5,000 MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS illustrated in H. Samuel's world-famous Free Book. Yours for a postcard. Write for it now! It is packed with sensational offers in Jewellery, Watches and Plate at next-to-factory prices. Solid Gold Bracelet Watches, largest selection in the Country, from 35/-; Pocket Lever, 10/6; Plated Cake Basket, 5/11; Stainless Tea Knives, coloured handles, 3/12. Amazing value! Any article sent C.O.D. Full month's trial with any article. Write to-day. H. SAMUEL, LTD. (Dept. 196), 115-121, Market Street, Manchester.

KNITTING WOOL Bundles 5/6 for 1½ lb. Odd lots, special value grey yarn, 3/3 lb. All post free. Patts. of sarges, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.R. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

CALICO, strong, 42 inches wide, 3d. per yard. Six yards post free, C.O.D.—Crowther and Lord, Tower Street, Bacup, Lancs.

OXOLITE—GET IT—FREE! Fitzpatrick's Monster Sale Budget of absolutely unbeatable Bargains. Comprises a huge colour-printed Art Exhibition of world-renowned "Captain" Cycles. Prices from £3 19/6 or 1/8 weekly. Large illustrated list of staggering clearance offers and most comprehensive pocket catalogue of Accessories ever published—Cord Tyres 2/6, Air Tubes with valve 6d., and hundreds more amazing money-savers. ABSOLUTELY FREE for postcard. Write "Catalogue, Please," to H. FITZPATRICK (Dept. 58), Junction Mill, Burnley.

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STRATFORD—279-281, HIGH STREET, E.15.
HOLBORN—51, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.1.
WHITECHAPEL—223-5, WHITECHAPEL RD., E.1.
WIMBLEDON—11, BROADWAY MARKET, S.W.
UPTON PARK—321, GREEN STREET, E.13.
CHELSEA—362, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.10.
201, HARROW ROAD, PADDINGTON, W.2.
KING'S CROSS—212, CALEDONIAN ROAD, N.1.
PALMERS' GREEN—25 & 27, GREEN LANES, N.13.
225, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.1.
BOW—165, BOW ROAD, E.3.
PADDINGTON—219, SHIRLAND ROAD, W.9.
WATFORD—12 & 13, HIGH STREET.
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CHISLEHURST—140, BROADWAY, E.W.6.
CLAPHAM—59, 61, 63, HIGH STREET, S.W.4.
THORNTON HEATH—99, HIGH STREET.
WOKING—11, THE BROADWAY.
BRIGHTON—127, QUEEN'S ROAD.
WORTHING—18, ROWLANDS ROAD.
EXETER—104, FORE STREET.
COVENTRY—4, FLEET STREET.
CARDIFF—82 & 83, ST. MARY STREET.
NEWPORT (MON.)—76, HIGH STREET.
SWANSEA—226, OXFORD STREET.
SWANSEA—24, HIGH STREET.
PLYMOUTH—3 & 9, THE OCTAGON.
GLOUCESTER—99, NORTHGATE STREET.
BRISTOL—31, STOKES CROFT.
BRISTOL—77-79, REDCLIFFE STREET.
WORCESTER—32, BROAD STREET.
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SHREWSBURY—37, HARDS.

BARGAIN SALES.

"THE EXCHANGE AND MART" wants every reader of *John Bull* to send for a free specimen copy. "The Exchange and Mart" contains thousands of wonderful bargains offered for sale privately. 3d. every Thursday at all newsagents! Send p.c. now for your free copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Sales, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants Cat. free. Satisf. guarntd.—Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

IDEAL WINDOW DECORATIONS. — Write for PEACH'S NEW CATALOGUE. Curtains, Nets, Casements, Cretonnes, Linens.—S. PEACH & SONS, Ltd., 141, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

KNITT. WOOLS, Hand or Machine, 12d. oz. 600 simpls. Mfr's Prices. Post free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CHEAP CHINA.—Beginners, etc., Asstd. Iess Seconds Cups, Plates, Bowls, (tc., £1, £2, £5. Glassware also tments from 10s. Lists free.—Bridge Street Pottery, Burslem, Staffs.

LONDON'S CHEAPEST SHIRT made of lustrous poplin and sold elsewhere for 10/6. Our price with 2 collars 6/6, in Self Blue, Mauve, Cream, Tan, also in Neat Stripes 6/6 post free. Wonderful value. Satisfaction or Money back. —Gresham Shirt Store, 59, Gresham St., Ldn.

BABY'S PRAM.—Free Offer. £9 5s. model for £5 6s. 11/6 deposit secures.—Write, Nurse, Dept. 51, Dunkleys, Birmingham.

BOOTS AND CLOTHING. — Buy Factory Direct. Enormous Saving. Stamp for Lists (J.B.) AGENTS WANTED.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

WILLERBYS offer Guaranteed Tailoring for a small payment monthly. Post the coupon in the advt. on page 51. This will bring you free patterns and self-measurement form, etc. Send for them now! Mention John Bull when writing.

FREE.—Send for Catalogue "B.," giving you wonderful furnishing bargains offered in the "Islington" advt. on page 53.

FREE: Send for free art list offered in the JUNO CYCLE advt. on page 34.

READERS should not fail to turn to HARBUTT'S offer on page 14.

RAINCOATS & MACKS on easy terms. Ladies, Gents, and Children. Sent for 1/- deposit and 1/- weekly. Send p.c. for Free patts. and catalogue Salisbury Service Co. (Dept. J.B.), 17, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4. (See special advt. on page 33.

END YOUR SEARCH FOR BARGAINS by reading the various Postal Bargain offers on page 14. Each one is backed by John Bull's Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money back.

THE coupon in DRAGE'S advt. will bring their catalogue and the Drage Book free.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middleman's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended. 4 lbs. 6/6, 13 lbs. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 68-piece Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barrow Mat, Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins. Genuine bargain. First in quality. Send 2/- for pcl. approx. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S Ideal Layette, 20/-; 35 Superfine pieces; Lawn Gowns, Robes, Flans., Shawls, Vests, Maps, send 2/- for pcl. Approx anywhere. —Mrs. B. Barker, 31a, Brougham Rd., Southsea.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors 8/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d.—How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 199, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free. Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

WRITE for free descriptive art booklet offered in the DECCA advt. on page 14. Address your application to Dept. 11.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MAKE BIRD-KEEPING YOUR HOBBY.—Perpetual joy and steady spare-time income. Keep them in garden or house. Get this week's "CAGE BIRDS," 2d. at your newsagents, or send p.c. for free specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most Violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily haste. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Midyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Cat. 1 gns free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (367 B), Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 81, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS and Kidney Trouble mastered at last! Thousands cured by PALMER'S FLUID REMEDY. 3/- bot. at Chemists and Stores or post free from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool.

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful skin Secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the skin to purity and comfort. 3/-, at Boots', Taylor's and all Chemists.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of self-consciousness sent privately for 2d.—Henry Rivers (J.B. 44), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

PILES. Why Suffer? REMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No Medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 3/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Remosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

STINGS! GNAT, MIDGE, MOSQUITO BITES. Treat bites quickly. Keep a box of Burgess' LION OINTMENT handy in the house, and so draw the poison out before it gets in your blood. LION OINTMENT has been the old reliable remedy for 80 years. From Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Beil's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

TYRES & ACCESSORIES. Whly. payments. All makes. Brand New Tyres, Accessories or Spares. Deposits from 5/-. No enquiries. Below,

GOOD reliable Tyres, soiled or slightly used. All sizes. 700 x 80 to 935 x 135, £1 each. Carriage paid. Approval against cash.—London Car Co., 62, Theobald's Road, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TAINTED CARESSES.—A straight-from-the-shoulder talk by T. Bowen Partington, F.R.C.I., in to-day's "HEALTH & STRENGTH." 3d. at all newsagents; 4d. by post from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

100 SOUND TIPS FOR 2d.! "BOXING, RACING AND FOOTBALL," to-day. Amazingly successful tips and genuine exclusive racing information. 2d. at your newsagents, or 3d. by post from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

£3,000 in Cash Prizes is offered in a ballot, a free ticket for which is given away with each purchase of a Metropole Record. Send 2/6 for a competition record to the British Charities Association, Dept. J.B.7, 105, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, and enter now! Further particulars appear in the advt. on page 39.

FREE.—£800 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £30; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 23. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese or label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Wednesday, July 11th, 1928. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts.

"There's more in this Craven "A" Cork Tip than meets the eye!"
Pure Virginia TOBACCO absolutely free from adulteration of any kind smooth, velvety, hygienic and cool
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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Hey Diddle Diddle!
The price of Churchill's rating "relief" is another spell of office for self and friends. And he's not parting with the money till he sees the result of the General Election. Politicians may diddle the electors, but Churchill is not going to let the electors diddle him.

Rather Brazenfaced.
No one can paint better than Churchill the vicious circle by which depressed industries sink deeper and deeper in distress. But because the Government needs a card to play at the election, these industries have got to go on sinking for another year.

Farmers, Beware!
Farmers are getting alarmed by the "safeguarding" juggle. If the Government tax everything but food, what becomes of agriculture? If the Government try to tax food, what becomes of the Government?

Good.
That non-Party meetings of agriculturists are taking place to form an agricultural policy is all to the good. But they won't get anywhere until the land laws are drastically altered.

Like the Company.
"The greatest of all agricultural interests is peace," says the *Countryman*. It is the greatest interest of every industry, too, with the single exception of the devil's.

Bar Sinister.
"Farming is worth while," says a man who has worked hard at it for six years. Of course it is. But thousands in this country willing and eager cannot get land on which to try it.

Cabbage Patch.
The smallest farm is largely a self-supporting home. Food is grown, firing is available. There's lots of occupation and generally a little money. It is merely the land stolen from the people that is rattling this country to ruin.

Peace Victories.
"Prosperity by peace" is on the march in two fields—the international and the industrial. The "Renunciation of War" Treaty, now in fair way to wide signature, marks an epoch. Its practical effects are big; its moral power will be tremendous.

A Parliament of Industry.
This week sees the scheme for a National Industrial Council taking real shape and the Trade Union Council resuming negotiations with a powerful group of employers. The Maxton-Cook squib will doubtless continue to fizzle, but the overwhelming majority of the T.U.C. have no use for fireworks.

Paying the Piper.
In 1914, taxation per head in this country was £3 11s. 4d. For 1926–27, it was £18 12s. 6d., more than half of which went to pay for war. Amateur "recruiters" didn't bawl that sort of fact when they urged other men into the trenches!

Compare.
To-day Germany only pays £5 6s. 5d. per head taxation. "Winning the war" is a good political boast for one or two, but the deuce of a price is paid for it by the many.

Hope.
Terrific as is taxation, it will diminish the moment Great Britain gives a definite lead to armament reduction. It is all in the hands of the voters.

Poincaré's Pointer.
M. Poincaré's stabilisation of the franc has a world interest. Food, clothing and other life necessities have a world value. We shall progress when they have a world price.

Money.
The fluctuations of the money market during the past ten years are merely one result of war. Cure the disease and the symptoms vanish.

Growing Evil.
The Berkhamsted Rural District Council is the next to press for legislation to prevent agricultural cottages being shut up by "week-enders." The disastrous selfishness that is robbing the poor of their homes deserves a sharp check.

Appalling.
Twenty-five parishes in Berkshire need playing-fields. Kiddies born amid green fields with none to play in is a scandal that cannot be matched in any other country in the world.

In Park-like England.
One-fifth of Surrey children have no playing-fields. If results of illness and street accident were shown in one picture the nation would soon act!

Shake 'Em Up.
Providing playing-fields for every child is as much a national task as compulsory education. If it cannot be done under existing land laws, alter them.

The Princely Gift.
The anonymous gift of £10,000 to the National Playing Fields Association does honour to its donor. Not all who have wealth use it well.

Scoring a Point.
The dietary of Eton and Harrow boys is controlled, while the dietary of elementary school children is left to be achieved anyhow. Can the Government give a satisfactory answer to Sir George Newman's "Why"?

"Announced."
The latest "mishap" brings the total of R.A.F. deaths this year to thirty-eight. Compared with immunity enjoyed by the aerial passenger services, it points more than ever to enquiry into causes being needed.

* * *

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR TICKET?
Make a "Bullets" coupon your ticket to the seaside.
50 big Holiday Prizes offered on page 35

Alert.
The N.U.R. intends to put eleven candidates in the field at the General Election. All to the good if they remember to work for the country as a whole, not for any "class" whatever separately.

No Tags.
Party labels should all be dropped when big reforms affecting everybody are needed. It was done for war. Why not try it for peace?

Workmanlike.
Every London murder mystery last year was solved, and of cars stolen all but one in every eighteen was recovered. The Metropolitan Police deserve their title, "The best in the world."

Suavity.
Better still as a testimony to the Police Force is its popularity with the public. The London "Bobbie" stands as much for general helpfulness as for the grimmer business of catching crooks.

Public Dangers.
Joseph Johnson, of Skelmersdale, who killed himself and terribly injured his pillion-rider in a motor-cycle smash at Ormskirk, was a pronounced epileptic. The law that issues licences to such shrieks aloud for altering.

Quite Right.
We approve the school for the study of Indian history to be held at Lichfield this month. Every person in the country with a vote has a duty to India. They help to govern it.

Aftermath.
In Bruges, a German shell found among scrap-iron detonated, killing eight people and injuring thirty, and wrecking property. Everyone living will be dead before the last echo of the last war has sounded.

Cleaner Folk.
Bermondsey, with the most palatial swimming-baths in London, spoiled them with a ridiculous restriction. They ordered women to be contented with twenty hours bathing a week while men enjoyed 108!

Fighting for Fitness.
After a hard struggle, Bermondsey women won an extension to thirty-eight hours for swimming practice. Equality can be won at the next election. Both sexes pay rates.

Pig-headedness.
Nelson's domestic affairs show how strike and lock-out methods work. Sixteen thousand cotton operatives out of work plunges a town into misery without solving one difficulty.

Result.
This year Nelson "wakes" are merry merely in name. Small concerns close down as big mills cease work, out-of-work folk are compelled to cancel holidays. Everyone, from landlord to shopkeeper, is equally penalised.

Spreading Blight.
The trouble, as in all such cases, is sheer obstinacy on both sides. For where there's a will to peace the way can be found.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

The Choice.

A repetition of last year's policy means that the Morecambe Town Council has banned tennis, bowls and boating on Sundays. Why? We presume the most stiff-necked councillor prefers Sunday games to Sunday crimes.

Shot Again!

Playing at Red Indians, a Bournemouth lad shot another, permanently injuring his sight with an airgun. Must we for ever be calling the Home Office to task for neglect in prohibiting the casual sale of these dangerous playthings?

"Only Homes are Vile."

It is enough to make one weep that at Kendal 700 houses are damp, tumbledown and unfit to live in, and 200 completely past repair. Why should inhabitants at the gates of the visitors' Lakeland paradise have to put up with hell?

Compulsory Cooks.

In spite of a 'bus being sent to take scholars to the Rufford-Rainworth County Council cookery-school centre, George Thomas Coulson, of Farnsfield, did not let his child attend, and has been fined 2s. 6d. The council is wise to make cookery-classes compulsory. The science is quite as important as arithmetic.

Not a Man.

Asked by Nurse Alice Scott, of the Hackney Infirmary, who touched him on the arm, to step from a lift, Anthony Webster, a carman, retorted by smacking her face and striking her head. Six weeks' hard labour is fit treatment for a cad whose greatest misfortune is that he has never been taught to be decent to women.

Safety First.

A moment saved and a life lost when, for want of time taken to complete a coupling, Charles James Crouch, a checker, was killed by a truck bumping over a "scotch" at Nine Elms goods-station. The coroner's censure of a thoughtless haste that created a widow and fatherless children should be a lesson to all railway foremen.

Must be Cured.

It is futile for the Manchester magistrates to accept a prison doctor's report that Arthur Whittaker Howcroft is quite normal. A youth of seventeen charged with assaulting a woman and indecently assaulting two others is morally unbalanced and requires, instead of a three months' punishment, a term of curative treatment.

Donkey-Boy M.A.

Only a donkey-boy in the Hafod Colliery, at Ruabon, was Emlyn Rodgers, until an accident to his arm compelled him to leave the pit. Then he applied himself to hard study, became a teacher, and has now earned the M.A. degree. A fine example to many born with silver spoons in their mouths who make failures of their lives.

Golden Dustmen.

William Morris, in his "News from Nowhere," wrote of dustmen in glittering uniform, but the London dustmen believe in bettering things here and now. They have presented an ambulance to the Manor House Labour Hospital and made themselves responsible for the installation of a sun-ray room, a brightly golden gift in every way.

Slum Victims.

Dwellers in slum areas are unable to benefit by the houses erected under many housing schemes, because the rents demanded are higher than they can afford. Homes for the poorly paid and often out-of-work are an urgent need, as Dr. Huey, medical officer for Mexborough, says. The healthy home is the antidote to the soaring death-rate.

Piling Up Convictions.

Because Joseph Flynn, temporarily resident of Liverpool, had fifteen previous convictions and was seen dropping a chisel from his pocket while climbing a wall, he was sent to three months' hard labour. But why assume a man is about to commit his sixteenth crime and give him so short a sentence that he is equipped for nothing but doing it?

Cancer Victims.

His wife having died of cancer, Walter Ridgway, of Liverpool, himself an intense sufferer from the disease, took his life. Not only is it a duty that his seven children should be cared for, but the civilisation that is responsible for a scourge unknown to savages must be unremitting in its efforts to cure it.

Mercy and Justice.

Justices at East Ham and West Ham paid the fines of two men who had been drunk and disorderly. One man had walked from Middlesbrough to London to find a job, and the other was a man of seventy. The old man called for a blessing on the magistrates, so glad was he. A blessing, even from the dock, is better than a curse.

Offer Worth Having.

Bridgend is to have with luck a juvenile employment centre for children under sixteen years of age promised by the Ministry of Labour. It now rests with local headmasters and school attendance officers to summon the compulsory minimum of fifty scholars. May their efforts be strenuous to avoid the deadly drifting of young folk into the paths of no employment.

Mad Prank.

The climax of 232 false calls received by the L.C.C. Fire Brigade was reached when Royden Percy Maxwell, commercial traveller, caused twenty-seven men, with an escape, four pumps and a ladder, to turn out by breaking a fire-alarm glass at Crutched Friars. A £20 fine with doctor's fee is a smart rap over the knuckles for a despicable form of skylarking that must be stopped.

"Only a Pauper."

Trooper James Walsh, late 14th Hussars, of Chorley, died in the local workhouse, and his friends applied to the O.C. at Fulwood Barracks, Preston, for a firing party. Military funerals, they were informed, were granted only to distinguished ex-soldiers. We should like to know what constitutes distinction. Possibly a medal granted for brilliant pen-work at the base!

The Human Machine

Don't DODGE!

by *E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

I HAVE long ago given up bothering about people who are irritable or who are "nervy." I mean I do not jump to the conclusion that the trouble is always what it appears to be on the surface.

If you watch such people you will nearly always find that the amount of irritation and anger is out of all proportion to the apparent cause of it.

They will get angry about things that to you don't seem to matter at all. They will worry about things that don't seem to be worth worrying about.

And you will nearly always find that they are not really worrying about that thing at all. You will find that it is very rarely the thing they mention that is really making them irritable!

WE have a way of shying away from unpleasant things and trying to hide them from ourselves. We don't like to admit that we are so weak as to be worried by things. So we dodge!

We pretend that we are worrying about something else! We pretend that something else is making us angry! And we make ourselves very unpleasant to other people as a result.

It is because we don't face up to our worries when they crop up. If you face a worry boldly it nearly always disappears. If you dodge it, or try to dodge it, it will pop up again when you least expect it.

Barbarous "Sport."

Hiding their quarry in horse-boxes and using every sort of subterfuge to deceive, well-to-do and prominent men are reviving cock-fighting in Norfolk. Thetford police are working on clues supplied. We trust they will be no respecters of persons, once the barbarians responsible for this disgusting revival are run to earth.

Pestering Pedestrians.

Now that a Strand tradesman has been fined for pestering pedestrians in an effort to persuade them to enter his shop, it is to be hoped that this intolerable nuisance will cease. We admire enterprise, but we venture to suggest to these importunate traders that over-eagerness succeeds only in driving possible customers away from their windows.

Peace Hero.

Pioneer of his profession and radiographer at the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, for over twenty years, Mr. Arthur Augustus Parsons knew his fate, that he would succumb, a martyr; yet he never failed to do his best for all those whom radiology could help. The interest of the Carnegie Hero Fund is desired for his widow. It should not need mentioning twice.

A Happy Birthday!

Many happy returns of the day to Sir James Crockett, senior partner in a Northampton firm of boot and shoe manufacturers, who marked his eightieth natal day by giving every male employee £3, every woman 35s. and every youngster a week's wages. We will dare say that with such thoughts for others in his heart the cheers he received were not all bought with his money.

Nettles and Weeds.

The Church authorities in Wales are shocked at the grievous state of disrepair into which local churchyards are falling, deeming it a "grave scandal" that nobody is responsible for their upkeep. We are more concerned for the upkeep of the living in Wales. Once the mining industry is lifted from the bog of despair, these less-pressing matters will speedily adjust themselves.

Mad Murderers.

The commutation of the death sentence passed on Charles William Ward, of Ackworth, who killed his father with a pickaxe, is the recognition by the Home Office of the youth's abnormality. The M.P.s who helped to swell the signatures to the petition have a further duty. Let them press for the setting-up of institutions to which border-line madness may be treated before any such murders take place.

Bled by Blackmailer.

Thoroughness, skill and ingenuity were turned to ignoble ends when Ernest Ashley Waddell, of Leighton Buzzard, by assuming war decorations he did not possess, acquired the post of income-tax inspector and defrauded the revenue of £6,000, more than half of which went to a blackmailer. Had he had the courage to stand up to the latter he might have saved himself from a sentence of five years' penal servitude.

Peace-time Bravery.

Handicapped with an artificial leg, having lost both his at Cambrai in 1918, Mr. Ernest Walker, of Sheffield, was well to the fore in a Sheffield fire. When Mrs. Hartley staggered, a mass of flames, into a courtyard, he was the first to reach her and stifle them with a rug. This is pretty good for a man on crutches. Yet how we wish he were without them who so eloquently proves that war is not the only breeding-time of courage.

No Building for Twenty Years!

In Aycliffe, near Darlington, villagers are faced with all the housing horrors of a crowded slum. Four females and six males share one small room, while near by a married couple with seven children exist in two tiny rooms. Yet no houses have been built there for twenty years, and that in spite of the fact that the Darlington Rural District Council has offered a subsidy under that section of the Housing Act intended to assist rural workers. Surely the facts call for investigation?

BRITISH 28 AUG 28

Ever-Present Danger.

A bright afternoon, and artillery practice at Buddon Camp, Dundee, a burst shell, and light-heartedness was turned to all the tragedy of war when Captain Abbott and Gunner Sheward were carried off the field, broken and dead. Eighteen-pounder guns cannot be used even in peace-time without death hovering somewhere in the close vicinity.

Hail Fellow, Well Met!

Capital old boys are Messrs. Robertson, McConnachie and Davidson, all of Bridge of Allan. They have put in respectively sixty-one, fifty-five and fifty-four years of service with the same local firm, and are still "not out." Where mutual respect exists there is always peace in industry. The Bridge of Allan firm and these elderly employees have admirably demonstrated it.

The Glowing Lamp.

Lit to symbolise the "light that lighteth every man" of whatever nationality, the lamp, lit by the Ealing branch of Toc H. on a recent Sunday morning, illumined a significant moment at the local Congregational Church when the Rev. Wilton Rix, M.A., and Pastor Diestel, of Berlin, shared the service. The Churches of the world are awakening. They are joining for no more war to-day that the achievements of to-morrow may be safe.

Shoplifting Wives.

Irritated by her husband's treatment, Maggie Bainbridge, aged twenty-three, accompanied by Evelyn Stainsby, thirteen years her senior, who has abandoned five young children, went in for extensive shoplifting. She has been bound over for three years. The older woman is where she should be, doing six months' hard labour. We invite the younger to look after her home and keep straight. A trying husband is better than a friend who drags you down.

Nobody Wants Him!

Willing to do anything, Harold Jago, aged forty-one, qualified marine-engine fitter, has tramped 450 miles from Whitehaven to London. He possesses voluminous correspondence from the Labour Ministry, a card stamped at various exchanges, a wife, a family—in short, everything except work. It is a smashing indictment against a country rich enough to squander thousands in civic banquets and display that men of his type cannot earn a livelihood.

Beryl the Bold.

Little nine-year-old Beryl Tucker, of Croydon, is a child with the presence of mind and pluck of an adult. Returning from school, she found her mother lying with her head in a gas-oven. Instead of flying into a panic, she turned off the gas, opened the window, and dragged her mother outside before summoning help. Had the poor woman possessed the qualities which must be inherent in her daughter she would probably still have been in the land of the living.

Undesirable Partners.

Known as husband and wife, Margaret Riley and her young nephew Albert Riley occupied the same bedroom at Manchester, in which the woman secreted various rosaries, purses and Treasury notes, stolen from church worshippers. Six months' imprisonment has removed a most undesirable companion from the young man, who has been bound over for twelve months. We hope the probation officer by finding him a better friend will keep the rupture permanent.

Contemptible Corruption.

James Sydney Oxford, a Portsmouth labourer, was found guilty at Winchester Assizes of corrupting boys whom he invited to his house to listen to wireless entertainments. Mr. Justice Swift, describing him as a wicked and contemptible fellow, sentenced him to fifteen months' hard labour. It is difficult to know how to deal with such moral perverts. We are sure, however, that to imprison them for a short term and then to turn them loose is a procedure neither efficacious nor just.

Public Nuisances.

That Ada Lucy Williams, of Clarendon Road, Wallington, could fleece the public for eighteen years under the guise of collecting for the Shaftesbury Society is more surprising than her suicide when remanded after being found out. Carelessness leads to wickedness. The generous-hearted would remedy much evil if they sent their contributions to deserving objects direct.

Still Shylock.

Manasseh Cohen changed his name but not his nature when he became Mr. Manley Collins, moneylender. Regarding his claim of £40 12s. from Mr. Buddle, an Ilford clerk, Judge Sir Alfred Tobin calculated he was charging 600 and 1,000 per cent. interest on two loans, had the default clause operated. It is all very well to describe these charges as excessive and unconscionable, but we want the law that prohibits their being made strictly enforced.

Up-to-date "News."

A daily paper has just published the portrait of a crook named John Clarke, also known as Lawyer Sharpe and Lawyer Scott, with the interesting information that he has obtained money by fraud in various parts of the country. As up-to-date "news" this is illuminating! Clarke's portrait, together with a full exposure of his methods, appeared in JOHN BULL eight months ago. When will the dailies stop fooling their readers by serving up ancient history as current "news"?

Smokers' Snowball.

"This is not a competition but a straightforward advertising business," declares G. F. Stephenson, of 85, Bewsey Road, Warrington, in offering "5s. worth of tobacco for 4d." Alas! a glance at the proposition reveals it as a snowball scheme, in which every applicant must sell four coupons to four friends, each of whom must in turn sell four more, and so on. "A "snowball" still attracts a great many people, but calculations would show them that the scheme quickly develops to impossible dimensions.

"Queen" in "Quod."

We are of opinion that the Bow Street magistrate was wise in declining to be influenced by the promises and the tears of Mrs. Kate Merrick, the notorious "Night Club Queen." As we have repeatedly shown, this woman has defied the law with cynical assurance for many years, and until we took a hand in the game she openly boasted that the police could not trap her. Now she has gone to serve her second sentence of six months, and the only thing we fail to understand is why it is in the second division.

Three for One.

Miss Louisa Plowden set out on a motor journey without a Road Fund licence. For this she was fined 10s. 6d. at West Ham, and ordered to pay 4s. costs at Dunmow. Later she was summoned before the Bench at Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, where she pleaded that she had already been punished twice. Nevertheless, the magistrates decided against her, and she was ordered to pay a penalty equivalent to a month's licence. This may be sound law, but judged from the standpoint of common-sense it seems a bit wobbly at the knees.

Two Missing Pennies.

Because he lacked the requisite coins, a good Samaritan could not persuade a telephone operator at Huddersfield to put through an urgent call when an elderly lady had been knocked down by a motor-car. The operator remained adamant and refused to act until two pennies had been inserted. Thus unnecessary delay ensued before an ambulance could be summoned. The victim died, and while it might not have been possible to save her life, we think that instructions should be issued to all operators that all emergency calls should be put through without hesitation.

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Whether it's FIRE! STORM! FLOOD! SICKNESS! or ACCIDENT! "John Bull" covers you free.
(See Page 2.)

Problems of Life

We *Are* Children!

by *the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

MARK TWAIN had a poor opinion of human nature. His autobiography, published after his death, contains not a few misanthropical reflections upon his fellow-men as he knew them.

The Very Rev. Dean Inge

At one point he goes so far as to say that he does not believe any man ever sincerely and unselfishly rejoices over the good fortune of another. I think this could only have been penned in one of Mark's darker moods, for a more lovable man never lived.

He was a good staunch friend, as was proved in many ways, especially perhaps in his loyalty to his chum Twichell, a Congregational minister, whose salary never rose much above three or four pounds weekly. A cruel thing done to Twichell roused Mark to one of the most savage rages that ever possessed him.

Then there was his reverence for General Grant. If we are to judge of a man by his capacity for acknowledging and paying tribute to what he knows to be superior to himself, Mark Twain's worship of Grant is a revelation of his own essential goodness.

His affection for his wife and children was one of the most beautiful traits in his nature and the cause of some of his most intense mental suffering. The death of his daughter Susie well-nigh broke his heart.

IT is of one of the childish prayers of this daughter that he writes:

"Its untaught grace and simplicity are a child's, but the wisdom and the pathos of it are of all the ages that have come and gone since the race of man has lived, and longed, and hoped, and feared, and doubted."

I have just been reminded of these facts by overhearing a remark made by a politician. "How we hate one another!" he said.

"Men in the same Party or the same business are always trying to pull the leader down," he declared. "A man's most dangerous enemies are never those in the opposite camp but those in his own."

When we envy a man we can usually find some plausible reason for trying to injure him.

As Dean Inge sardonically puts the case: "It is only those who half-envy the wicked who want to roast them."

MALICE can masquerade in a thousand guises, but oftenest as zeal for virtue.

How much of what is supposed to be moral indignation in regard to some public or private scandal is really so, and how much is inspired by meaner motives?

If you could see the man you dislike as he really is you would not want to hit him.

See yourself in your neighbour and you will not go far wrong in your feeling towards him.

For every man knows in his heart that he is still a child.

TRAINING SCHOOL *DISCLOSURES*

THE *SACKED* SEA-DOGS

Sad Souls in Somerset

MANY years ago a large establishment was opened at Portishead, a seaside village in Somerset, for the training of wayward and parentless lads.

It was called the National Nautical School, having as its main object the preparing of lads for a seafaring career which is carried out under Home Office supervision.

To its great credit, hundreds of such boys have become splendid citizens and exemplary sailors as the result of the masterly tuition there.

For more than twenty years not the slightest suggestion could be breathed against it, and it rightly enjoyed a reputation second to none.

But all is not well with this great institution to-day. Misgiving and indignation are rife in the village of Portishead over certain recent happenings, the origin of which, indeed, we were appealed to to investigate.

Petition presented

The trouble appears to have started about three years ago when Lt.-Colonel Gerard Holmes, C.M.G., O.B.E., took charge of affairs and became captain-superintendent.

A very distinguished man in naval affairs, he naturally held very definite views on the best way in which to give refractory boys a fresh start in life. During his period of office he was well liked by everyone.

Several local inhabitants, however, disagreed with the manner in which boys were allowed to wander about the vicinity, and a petition was consequently presented to Lord Erskine, the local M.P.

As a result of this, an enquiry was held at the school, and Colonel Holmes was asked to modify his policy, though it was the very laudable one of giving the boys under his care as much freedom as possible, as well as training and education.

This the colonel refused to do and he consequently resigned.

His place was taken by Captain Claude Hamilton, who, prior to his appointment there, conducted a home maintained by voluntary subscriptions at Parkstone, Dorset, an institution with quite different objects.

Since his arrival in January, 1927, Captain Hamilton has had considerable difficulties to overcome in regard to the administration and finances of the school.

Wasted facilities

The school was established to accommodate 350 boys, and was staffed to cope with that number. For some reason, however, the total number of its pupils has been considerably below this number and a grave financial position has latterly arisen.

Thus, serious retrenchment has started, which has caused much consternation locally and much privation amongst old members of the staff, who are being turned away with nothing but the workhouse before them.

What has brought about this lamentable state of affairs? There are little more than 100 boys at the school now, yet magistrates are constantly sending erring lads to reformatories for long terms, where the opportunities offered are negligible compared with those at the National Nautical School at Portishead.

The guardians from whose districts boys are sent to this school pay

Lord Erskine, M.P., to whom a petition concerning the school was presented

a proportion towards their maintenance, while a contribution in this connection is also made by the State.

Bitter outlook

With only 100 pupils instead of 350, this can hardly be expected to pay, and it is extraordinary to think that the facilities presented by such an admirable institution should be wasted.

What, therefore, is happening? With the school's opportunities thus flung away, dismissals are taking place almost weekly. More than half the old and faithful staff have been sacked during recent months.

Only a few days ago, for instance, two old servants were sent for by Captain Hamilton and given notice within a few minutes of each other, being informed that they must go on economical grounds.

One, a Mr. Brown, was a schoolmaster there, and had held the post for over twenty years. Last month he lost his wife, and had to send his children to a sister living in Swindon. Now, with his occupation gone, his outlook is bitter indeed.

Then there is Mr. Shepherd, whose sixteen years' Naval service won him the position of seamanship master at the school. He moved to Portishead, bringing his wife and family there and making his home in a bungalow, for which he paid rent to the school.

Now, after seven years' exemplary service, he has been dismissed, and is arranging to vacate his home. With unemployment staring him in the face, he does not know where to take his three children.

Then, amongst many others, there is Mr. Hibbs, who worked untiringly for more than four years as clerk to the school. He was suddenly sacked like the others, and to-day is existing in a one-roomed hut, wondering bitterly as to his future prospects.

Anxious times

Amongst his treasured possessions is a long testimonial from his old chief, Colonel Holmes, which speaks highly of the way in which Hibbs worked day and night in the interests of the school.

These cases are typical of the grievances felt by the older servants, who have fresh cause for indignation in the fact that in some cases their jobs have been filled again almost immediately by people employed by Captain Hamilton in his former post at Parkstone.

In other instances, fresh employees come and go in a manner which has occasioned surprise in several quarters.

For instance, a man named Macilroy was appointed physical training instructor about nine months ago. He brought his wife and two children to the vicinity, bought a house, and was dismissed within a few weeks on the grounds of retrenchment.

Almost immediately a man named Newell was given this post. He was given notice a little later, and, within a few hours, a third man was on the scene.

Local tradespeople, too, who have served the school from its inception, are considerably put out, because retrenchment has even affected them. Most of the school's commodities are now transported from Bristol, more than ten miles away.

Welfare workers deem such an institution as the National Nautical School far more helpful than an ordinary reformatory and its present position is therefore a matter for grave concern.

First move

In these circumstances, therefore, the Home Office should surely institute an enquiry without delay and take such steps as may be thought necessary to restore the school to its former proud position.

We urge all boards of guardians with neglected and slightly wayward children for whom to provide to avail themselves of the splendid opportunities offered by this institution.

If something on these lines can be done, and the matter is tackled in the right spirit, the Nautical School at Portishead will once more flourish.

Most people will agree, too, that all those employees who served the school so faithfully in its happier days should then be reinstated in the posts which they have lost through no fault of their own.

Derek *the Dude*

Maxwell *the* Mug-Hunter

THE other day a well-dressed gentleman sauntered into a shop in the West End district of London, and proceeded to select a number of expensive articles for his personal use.

He displayed fastidious taste, but at last his choice was satisfied and he produced his cheque-book with a careless flourish.

He was Mr. Derek Maxwell, he explained, of Hyde Park Mansions, and with great dignity he proceeded to write out a cheque for the amount due.

The shopkeeper noted that the cheque was drawn on the Sloane Street branch of a well-known London and Provincial bank, and the customer's gentlemanly bearing, coupled with his good address, aroused no suspicions.

Cheque came back

But a day or two later the cheque came back from the bank dishonoured, and when enquiries were made at Hyde Park Mansions it transpired that no one of the name of Derek Maxwell resided there at the number given.

Further investigation added to the shopkeeper's surprise, for it was found that the cheque was one that had been abstracted from a book of twenty-five cheques that had been recently stolen from a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood of Paddington.

Whether the plausible Derek was the actual thief or not could not then be ascertained, but the fact remains that he is now in possession of the stolen cheque-book and has been identified in more than one instance as the man who has duped other tradespeople in a similar fashion.

In fact, quite a number of complaints have been lodged with the police regarding the elusive "Derek Maxwell," who seems to have been making a plundering tour of the metropolis with no small measure of success.

From such information as we have been able to gather, it appears that this clever adventurer is a dark, handsome young man, of not more than twenty-five, who is both well-groomed and well-spoken.

Striking attire

His favourite attire is a newly-tailored navy blue suit of pin stripe pattern, with which he is in the habit of wearing a Fairisle pullover, a light felt hat and expensive brown shoes with pointed toes.

He does not always pass as "Derek Maxwell," but on occasion has been known to call himself "Derek Lowe" and "Douglas Daye."

We not only urge tradespeople to be on their guard against this impostor, but also hotels and clubs which he is apt to use regularly.

We trust that this exposure of his methods will soon place him in surroundings where cheques are not accepted from strangers under any consideration whatever.

A *MARTYRED* MOTHER

SHOCKING HOSPITAL *BLUNDER*

Thirty Hours of Agony

IT is only a few weeks ago that Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in the House of Commons, pledged the Ministry of Health to fight the appalling mortality among women in childbirth.

We have drawn attention again and again in these columns not only to the shocking number of women who die, but to the irreparable injury to health sustained by thousands of women and babies who survive.

The following story places a finger on one of the blackest spots of this terrible blot on our civilisation.

Mrs. Frank Robinson, as we will call her, married about twelve months ago. Unable to obtain a house, the newly married couple were obliged to set up their home in rooms, which they rented on the express condition that in the event of a child coming the confinement must take place elsewhere.

Doctor's verdict

Mr. Robinson was a subscriber to the Royal Northern Hospital and he arranged a few months later that his wife should be received as a paying patient. She attended the hospital as an out-patient for some weeks before her confinement was due.

Mrs. Robinson was taken ill at 3 a.m. on Thursday, May 17. About nine o'clock her husband took her in a taxicab to the hospital.

He went back home to fetch a pair of shoes his wife wanted.

On returning to the hospital he was informed that there was no bed vacant, but that arrangements had been made by telephone for Mrs. Robinson to be received at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Mr. Robinson secured another cab and drove with his wife to Bart.'s There they had to take their turn with other patients. A doctor, accompanied by a nurse, then approached them, and Mrs. Robinson was taken to a private room to be examined.

After a few minutes, the doctor returned and informed Mr. Robinson that it would be a couple of days before the child was born and that he could take his wife home.

Sad sequel

He added that probably by the time she was ready there would be a bed vacant at her own hospital.

The husband protested. He insisted that his wife was in labour and urged that she should be admitted at once. He was informed that he knew nothing about the matter and that he must take his wife away.

Another taxicab was procured and the Robinsons returned home. By this time Mrs. Robinson was in a state of collapse through pain, anxiety and the three journeys she had been forced to make.

The distracted husband again went to the Royal Northern Hospital and, after some hours' delay, a bed was found at the University College Hospital, to which Mrs. Robinson was taken between three and four in the afternoon.

The child, a girl, was born at 9.40 the following morning, the mother having been in labour over thirty hours.

For a day or two all appeared to go well. Then a reaction set in and Mrs. Robinson's fears and anxieties developed into a painful obsession that all the doctors and nurses were trying to poison her.

She became violently hysterical and on Friday, a week after the birth of her child, she was removed to St. Pancras Hospital.

The following Tuesday Mrs. Robinson was removed from St. Pancras Hospital to the infirmary.

Ten days later the husband was informed that it had become necessary to certify his wife as of unsound mind and remove her to a mental hospital at West Park, Surrey. She went to West Park a week later.

Mrs. Robinson is a highly strung woman. Is it any wonder that her mind has become disordered under the terrible experiences to which she has been subjected?

The following extract from a letter to the husband from St. Bartholomew's Hospital is illuminating:

"In view of the arrangement made with the Royal Northern Hospital, there is no doubt that your wife should have been admitted, even though in the opinion of the Intern the case did not appear sufficiently urgent to justify him in filling the only vacant bed available.

"Although events proved that he was wrong, will you allow me to point out that it is sometimes extremely difficult to be sure that a patient is starting labour and that no blame should be attached to a medical man for an erroneous opinion come to upon mature consideration of a patient's symptoms"?

Suggested course

It is unfortunate that the patient was not kept under observation for a longer time, when the doctor would have realised his mistake.

The letter continues:

"In the circumstances we can do no more than express sincere regret that your wife should have been occasioned any unnecessary suffering and for any trouble and expense you personally may have been put to."

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Onslow, O.B.E., Chairman of the Voluntary Hospitals Commission

Further comment on this letter is unnecessary.

We have much sympathy with the hospitals. Both governing bodies and staffs are confronted daily with great difficulties. Doctors and nurses are overworked. The shortage of beds for maternity cases is grievous.

The removal of this unfortunate mother from University College Hospital at such a critical stage, when her baby was barely a week old, may have been unavoidable, but it is a calamity that it should have been so.

Here, then, is a clearly marked direction in which the Ministry of Health can move to lessen the dangers that beset expectant mothers.

Is it not possible to utilise the surplus national health insurance funds held by insurance companies and other approved societies to provide at once more accommodation and better care? These reserve funds amount to scores of millions of pounds.

WATCH HIS MIDDLE FINGER!

A HEARTLESS *DOORSTEP IMPOSTOR*

A LAMBETH lady was visited the other day by a stranger who introduced himself as Mr. Johns, and who immediately aroused her interest when he confided that he had been serving in China aboard the same ship as her husband.

Mr. Johns explained that he had been detailed by the naval authorities at Portsmouth to visit the Admiralty in London on important business. The lady's husband, hearing of this mission, had asked him to call at his home to deliver a special message.

Astounding discovery

He could not come himself as he had just been inoculated, but he would be receiving leave in a day or two.

He was short of cash at the moment, however, and would be glad if 30s. or £2 could be sent with Mr. Johns.

Overjoyed at the prospect of her husband's return, the Lambeth lady handed over the cash without question.

Days passed and eventually the wife was astounded to learn that her husband was still at sea.

Question and answer

Now, this cruel fraud has been repeated in various parts with similar success, and the rogue responsible has an uncanny knack of forearming himself with accurate details as to the affairs of the person whose name he intends to exploit.

He recently appeared at Middlesbrough as "Corporal Jones" and called at the house of a widow, whose only son is serving in an Army unit stationed at Aldershot.

Once again he explained that he was in the district on official business, adding that he had called upon the widow to oblige her soldier son.

"Corporal Jones" was invited into the little sitting-room where, thanks to the previous information he had somehow contrived to gather, he was able to create a very good impression.

When questioned about his plain clothes, he readily explained that he had been specially permitted to wear mufti as he had to act as escort to a military deserter.

In these circumstances, the corporal went on, his friend had begged him to call at his home and let his mother know that he had been ill during the preceding week.

He was expecting sick-leave, however, so, as his finances were low, he was hoping that Corporal Jones would be able to bring him £2 back with him.

The visitor had such a reassuring air that the widow at once reached for her purse. When it was ultimately discovered that the whole story was a fabrication the polite "corporal" was far away.

Well-told tales

At Stockport this trickster elected to pass by the name of Knight, and approached the parents of a mechanic in the Royal Air Force.

So successful was he in establishing their confidence that he was received with open arms, generously entertained and put up for the night.

Knight assured his dupes that their boy would be home in a few days and was only waiting now to scrape up the money for his fare. When he departed he had secured £2 on the strength of his well-told tales.

Telltale scar

This trickster is about thirty-five years of age, and presents a very smart appearance, having an upright, military bearing. He flits about the country in an amazing manner and favours different aliases.

His real name, we are able to reveal, is Clarke, and he carries a telltale scar in the form of a crushed middle finger on his right hand.

Any person who may be approached by a man who answers this description would perform a great public service by communicating with the nearest police-station.

A *LOVELY* LIE!

WICKED HOAX on *WORKLESS*

Who Invented It?

IT is becoming fashionable to try to show that the unemployed generally do not really desire work. When this suggestion is bolstered up by lying narrative it is time to call a halt.

THE good people of Epping in Essex are very righteously indignant at the undesirable publicity given to their forest town through the medium of a news paragraph which appeared recently in the columns of the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* among other daily newspapers.

The story was a complete fabrication and has caused many unfortunate men considerable trouble and disappointment. We refer to the following paragraph, headed "They Toil Not," in the *Evening News* and published in the *Daily Mail* under the title, "Duped by Casuals"!

Mr C. L. George, Labour Master at Epping Workhouse

"An Epping (Essex) farmer applied yesterday to the labour exchange for twenty men to hoe his turnip-field, and as he could not obtain them from there telephoned to the guardians' institution and asked the master whether he could send twenty casuals to do the work. He offered to give them plenty of food, sleeping accommodation and the usual wages.

"The master picked out twenty of the most likely men and sent them to the farm. On their arrival, one, who was evidently the spokesman, asked if, before beginning work, they could have something to eat. The farmer gave them a plentiful supply of bread and cheese and beer, which they speedily demolished and asked for more.

"The farmer agreed to another supply and went to the farm to obtain it, but on returning found that every one of the men had vanished. The field is still unhoed."

The labour master of the Epping workhouse informed a JOHN BULL representative that there is not a vestige of truth in the statement that a farmer or any other employer has applied for labour during the two years that he has been in office.

Natural annoyance

At the moment there are twenty-six men in the casual ward, fifteen from forty-two to seventy-eight years of age and the remainder from twenty-one to thirty-five.

But it would be quite unnecessary to go to the institution at all. There are more than eighty men registered as unemployed in the Epping employment exchange, the majority skilled in agricultural work and anxious to secure it.

The day on which the paragraph appeared the authorities in Whitehall rang up the manager of the Epping employment exchange and inquired regarding the truth of it. They received an emphatic denial from this conscientious gentleman, who is very much annoyed at what amounts to a reflection upon himself.

As a result of the news item, both the manager of the employment exchange and the labour master of the workhouse were inundated with applications for a job from all over the country, a fair indication that the unemployed man is not as workshy as a certain section of the Press would have us suppose.

Weary tramps

Letters came from Bethnal Green and Poplar and all parts of London, and even from as far afield as Rotherham and Doncaster.

One applicant wrote: "I am single and in lodgings. I receive neither dole nor relief and will do anything to get honest work."

In fact, so many applications were received that a circular letter had to be despatched to applicants denying that there was any truth in the statement. And that is not all.

Within a few days men came to Epping from places miles away, trudging their weary way under the impression that work was awaiting them at the end of the journey.

Two men arrived by road from Erith, near Dartford, Kent, and their disappointment can be imagined when they discovered that the farmer who required hands was a myth.

Percy Henry Danton, "of no fixed abode," was in Margate, ninety miles away, when he heard that there was work to be had in Essex.

Ninety miles is a pretty good walk even if one has a full stomach and a good pair of boots. Danton had neither.

Pernicious prank

Our readers know the sequel, and we leave them to imagine the feelings of the poor fellow when he discovered that he had been wickedly hoaxed.

We are aware of the truth of one sentence in the *Daily Mail*, to the effect that the Epping Guardians have been directed by the Ministry of Health to increase their accommodation for casuals, but upon enquiry we find that there is ample justification for the order.

The reason for the action is that the neighbouring Ongar casual ward was closed last year, the numbers who seek admission to Epping having consequently increased from 130 to 250 per week.

The next workhouse is in Chelmsford, nineteen miles away.

So much for the story! We trust that no pains will be spared to trace the origin of this lie.

Doubtless the newspapers which published the reports did so in good faith and will take steps to ensure that their correspondent, whoever he is, will have few opportunities of repeating his pernicious prank.

Bow! WOW!! WOW!!!

A DOGGY "*COLLAR*"

The Doleful Fight

BELOW we narrate a strange happening in connection with National Dog Week. As there appears to be another scheme which may have the effect of spoiling its success, explanation is desirable

THOSE animal-lovers who have contributed to the funds of the National Canine Defence League will not, we think, read with any degree of satisfaction how the league is spending money on a scheme which may possibly prejudice the success of National Dog Week.

It may be, of course, that, as the league's balance-sheet for 1927 shows an excess of income over expenditure of £3,366, money is no object.

But, in any case, our readers will be interested to see how the league views this laudable effort, the purpose of which is to enhance the welfare of the dog, impart valuable information to dog-owners, and to raise £20,000 for the Royal Veterinary College.

The fact that Professor F. T. G. Hobday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E., who is Hon. Veterinary Surgeon to the King, is a joint-founder of the National Dog Week scheme is an added reason why the attitude of the league appears, on the surface, to be so lamentable, and why an explanation seems essential.

The Earl of Airlie, M.C., one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Dog Week

The facts are these:

In January last, Professor Hobday and Capt. H. E. Hobbs together originated the idea of a National Dog Week. This they decided to organise.

An influential group of voluntary helpers was got together, and it was not long before many famous animal lovers had joined the list of vice-presidents or had decided to serve on the council.

To mention only a few, there are the Earl of Airlie, Lady Seaforth, Mr. Charles Cruft and Col. S. Pleydell-Bouverie—all noted for their interest in the welfare of our dogs.

In March the first editions of preliminary booklets was printed and extensively circulated, and on May 17 a public announcement was made in the *Star*, followed by full-page announcements in the *Dog World* and *Our Dogs*.

Almost every national paper of importance in the country devoted at least a few lines to the enterprise.

Strange coincidence

And then, on May 30, when the arrangements were in full swing, the league announced a national Canine Defence Week.

Was it more than a coincidence that September 16–22 was selected as the date of the National Canine Defence Week, whereas National Dog Week had been fixed long beforehand for September 23–29.

In the face of a scheme backed by His Majesty's Hon. Veterinary Surgeon, supported by the R.S.P.C.A. and Our Dumb Friends League, with influential voluntary helpers and with months of slave work already done, this society, the objects of which are the welfare of dumb animals, saw fit to challenge the success of National Dog Week and even "steal a march" on it by arranging for its own event a week beforehand.

Nor did the league stop at that. It made it clear that it was not merely adding to the effort which was already being made.

In the June–July issue of the *Dogs Bulletin*, issued by the league, it states: "Do not give your time or money to support any similar venture which may be placed before you."

Suggested cruelty

An extraordinary remark, coming as it does from a society pledged to aid in the common welfare of the dog.

More extraordinary still is the fact that when the organisers of National Dog Week announced in connection with the effort a film competition, there appeared in the Press a letter from Lady Cory urging readers to "decline to give their support to any movement which encourages, either directly or indirectly, the training of performing animals," and mehtioning the name of the Dog Week contest.

As far as cruelty to film dogs is concerned, we are afraid the owners of Rin-Tin-Tin, Silverstreak, etc., would not agree with Lady Cory. Film dogs, as is well known, are not trick dogs; they are educated, and not trained.

We have also seen the literature issued in connection with the Canine Defence week, and, strangely enough, there are at least two objects which, in expression, have a strange resemblance to the previously printed objects of National Dog Week.

Explanation desired

Mr. Johns, the secretary of the league, may care to explain why his league is so anxious to spend money by running in opposition to an established scheme?

He may care to say on what date it was decided to run the Canine Defence Week and by what extraordinary coincidence a date just prior to National Dog Week was selected?

As secretary of a national institution publicly subscribed to, [illegible] the objects of which are the welfare of dumb friends, we finally invite Mr. Johns to explain the strange opposition to a National Dog Week that is backed by such a renowned animal-lover as we have already mentioned.

GREAT FRIENDLY SOCIETY in DANGER!

PAVED WITH *GOOD INTENTIONS*

Generosity Gone Mad

MANY thousands of railway workers and their wives, who have invested hard-earned money in the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Employees Provident Levy Society, have genuine cause for alarm.

Their society was founded with considerable optimism in 1924, and the contributions being extremely low in proportion to the benefits offered, no fewer than 10,000 members were attracted in the first few months.

To-day, only four years after its inception, the society is in a precarious position, a fact which must be attributed partly to the low rates and partly to the indiscriminate admission to complete membership regardless of age or health.

From the outset the society was faced with formidable problems. In the first two years of its existence it found itself called upon to meet 1,000 claims of £100 each.

Startling pledge

An example of the complications that ensued is afforded by a case heard at Stafford in 1926, when the society was sued for £100 as a benefit claim.

The member had joined shortly before he was due to retire, had paid a total of £3 11s. and was due to receive £100. A change in the rules resulted in his being offered £50.

In the course of this hearing some illuminating facts were disclosed. It was stated that, out of a total membership of 47,000, at least half were over fifty years of age when they were admitted.

In other words, the society has wittingly pledged itself to disburse £2,450,000 from its provident fund alone within the brief space of the next fifteen years!

Since 1926, however, the membership has dwindled remarkably, yet the expenditure, curiously enough, shows a tendency to increase.

Bitter disappointment

In 1926 the income from all sources amounted to £105,679, while the expenditure was £107,308. The deficiency in the provident fund at the end of the year ran into many thousands.

The income of 1927 was £107,367, yet the expenditure had gone up to the stupendous figure of £174,802, and the deficiency in the provident fund had reached £26,000.

Even the management fund showed a deficiency of £4,000. And the benefit fund had dwindled from £63,000 to £9,402.

The sorry fact is that thousands of thrifty folk who have contributed to this society in the belief that they were securing themselves for the future will, unless drastic steps are taken, be faced with the prospect of bitter disappointment.

The table of benefits has been revised, but it gives us little room for hope in a scheme which has undoubtedly lacked stability.

A man of fifty-five, for instance, is offered a benefit of £10, rising by annual increments to £30, while a youth of twenty is offered a maximum of £250 on retirement at sixty-five.

Since the total levy amounts ordinarily to 1s. a week, it is difficult to see how such offers can possibly be fulfilled without further drastic revision.

The officials in control, however, do not appear to have lost confidence, for it has recently been proposed to invite all railway men to become members.

Meanwhile, a letter circularised among existing members draws attention to the changed state of affairs and points out that the society set out as a benevolent institution pure and simple, but that experience had taught it to take things in a more serious light.

Now a sacrifice was necessary to save it from a breakdown, and it was desired to raise a levy of 7s. per head in order to pay off 400 old claims standing in the office.

A more recent letter sent out to the society's agents conveys some idea of the real position.

It is estimated that over 4,000 members are due to retire this year, and thus become eligible for grants under the provident scheme.

On top of this, fifty death claims have been met, and there are 2,994 cases still to be dealt with, making a total liability of £47,000.

What must be done

These figures will be better understood when we add that the income for the first six months of the year will only amount to about £39,000.

The society states that it is up against a position largely created as a result of the Pensions Act, and that to have carried on with the original scheme would have led to disaster.

In these circumstances, is it any use revising the benefits and pressing for additional levies among members?

Surely the whole scheme has become such that an investigation on the part of experts seems essential if disaster is to be averted or minimised.

It is distinctly desirable that any institution involving huge amounts and necessitating intricate finance should be in the hands of people of wide experience, and we urge the members of the committee to take immediate steps to put the scheme on a real solid foundation.

Such organisations as the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Employees Provident Levy Society can function very usefully, and for the sake of the many thousands who will suffer if this society comes to disaster, we trust that the responsible officials will institute an enquiry without delay, so that some endeavour can be made to stay the rot.

Sir George Stuart Robertson, K.C., Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies

Nicol's *Nifty* Schemes

Cross-words *and* "Certs"

WHATEVER limitations he may possess, Mr. J. Urquhart Nicol, of various addresses in Edinburgh, is not lacking in self-assurance.

Last year he was busying himself with a cross-word syndicate, and when illness forced him to close this down, he wrote to a gentleman who had been associated with the cross-word venture, and invited him to participate in a racing scheme, which he described as "absolutely watertight."

Dividends would be paid out fortnightly, he declared, and several people had already decided to invest.

When he next wrote, Mr. J. Urquhart Nicol had to acknowledge receipt of £5, which his client had forwarded for investment.

Deferred dividend

He also proceeded to describe his racing system at great length, and intimated that he would write in a fortnight as to the first dividend.

It was over a month before the investor heard from Mr. Nicol again, and then he did not get his dividend.

He was informed that the scheme showed a little under 10s. to the credit of each investor, as bad weather had been much against the system.

"We are still working the original series out," he concluded, "so that we are holding to your credit 10s., in addition, of course, to your £5 capital."

Well-founded fear

Nothing more was heard from Mr. J. Urquhart Nicol for three months, and then he wrote from an Edinburgh club to say that his racing scheme had been a failure.

He begged for grace and promised that the investor should not suffer financially.

Another silence followed, and then Mr. Nicol wrote from a third address to say that he was negotiating for a new appointment and trusted that the investor would wait until he could send "something concrete."

That was four months ago, and now the investor does not know Mr. Nicol's present address and fears that he will never see anything concrete!

A Five-shilling Flat-trap

Pierci-Holt *the Hoaxer.*

A READER, who has had to bear the double burden of illness and unemployment over a long period, recently advertised to see if he could obtain a little clerical work to do at home.

Mr. E. M. Pierci-Holt, of 15, Clinton Avenue, Exeter, whose printed notepaper was headed "Branch Secretary's Office," wrote that he had a vacancy on his own clerical staff.

He would have liked to interview the applicant, he went on, but his hours at the branch office were "rather indefinite" and an application form, which he attached, would have to serve instead.

Enticing guarantee

Experience was not essential, but fairly good handwriting was desirable. Remuneration would vary with the amount of work executed, but should average from £3 to £5 weekly.

"I will guarantee, if your application is successful," wrote Mr. Pierci-Holt, "to provide you with constant employment for a security of 5s."

Our reader decided to complete this form, and was overjoyed to receive a reply from Mr. Pierci-Holt informing him that his application had been successful.

Sorry hoax

The first packet of work, together with full instructions, etc., would be sent in return for 5s.

A sorry shock was to follow. The packet of work which eventually arrived consisted of formulas for a freckle lotion and a chilblain cure!

The would-be home-worker was urged to advertise these remedies and then sell the formulas to applicants at 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. a time!

Mr. Pierci-Holt refuses to refund the money, and takes shelter behind a clause in the application form in which the applicant unwittingly undertook to give the proposition a "fair trial."

If Mr. E. M. Pierci-Holt has hoaxed other job-seekers in this fashion he is doubtless wise in making his hours of attendance at his branch secretary's office "rather indefinite."

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Fitting Extra.

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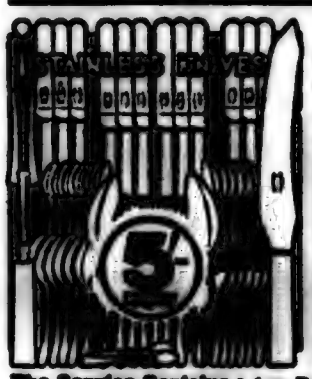

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Complete Approval

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The Service Contains: 1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory finished handles, 2 Table Spns, 6 Dessert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Soup Spns, 6 Table Frks, 6 Dessert Frks, 1 Sugar Spn 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Salt Spn, all of Columbian Silver, which is warranted to wear white throughout.

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ODHAMS PRESS, LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

IN 1918 there were nearly twelve million acres under cultivation for food. Now there are only nine millions. Unless we face the problem soon, there will be a very rude awakening

The *GREEN* PARALYSIS

by His Grace the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, K.G.

AGRICULTURE is our largest and most important industry. In the census of 1921, it was employing 1,300,000 people. In 1925, the value of our cultivated area, ith the buildings and farmhouses upon it, was timated at £815,000,000. Working capital mployed at the same time was £365,000,000. The value of the gross output of agriculture in ngland and Wales in 1925 was £225,000,000.

To-day this huge national industry has fallen n evil times. It received undeniable stimulus uring the years of the war, but that stimulus as now slackened off. In 1918, we had nearly ,000,000 acres under corn and green crops. Ve have now something like 9,000,000 acres. nd it is growing less.

Why this extra cultivation of our soil—admittedly forced upon us—has been allowed to stop a mystery to me. Of course, if we *prefer* to buy ur food from abroad in peace, very good! But makes our food bill tremendously heavy.

And if we add to this food bill our annual ribute of some £60,000,000 war debt, we find urselves very heavy debtors to our keenest ompetitor in the world market—the very thing e should avoid.

Costly "cheap" food

Treat the matter as a common-sense proposition. Why should we put ourselves further into America's ebt when we could avoid it by producing a great art of our food at home?

Some people have it that it is cheaper to buy ur food from abroad. I wonder if they are aware f our million or so unemployed. That is only ne of the costs we pay for "cheap" food. Why ot employ this million and put our home market n a position of prosperity?

If we are to be in debt for our food why not row as much of it as we can ourselves and be n debt to our own people?

How could it be done? Well, let us clear the round first by dealing with some of the popular panaceas" put forward by politicians and thers.

In the first place, we hear a good deal these lays about co-operation, cutting out the middlemen. Business men usually put up this Aunt ally. Let me deal with it.

Undoubtedly a large sum of money is lost very year through lack of co-operation among ur farmers. But you must take your Englishman as you find him. He is not a Collectivist; e is a supreme Individualist. To sell collectively you must grade your produce.

There is not a farmer in England who would dmit that his neighbour's potatoes must be raded higher than his own, or that his potatoes hould be graded below his opinion of their market alue. In other words, he would have no confidence in the general salesman.

Protected incompetence

Besides, I do not agree with those who maintain hat the middle-man makes extortionate profits t the expense of the farmer. He is dealing in erishable goods. If one market is overcrowded e must find another. His machinery of distribution must be highly organised and rapid. No co-operative concern could possibly compete fficiently in this branch of business.

A second "panacea" is that put up by certain politicians. It is rather an anæmic Aunt Sally, called Security of Tenure. The argument runs hat if farmers were guaranteed security of tenure they would be tempted to put more work into their farms.

My answer to that is, If they are good farmers they will work their farms to their uttermost capacity anyway. And no landlord would turn out a good and efficient farmer. All that security of tenure would do would be to protect the incompetent farmer and tempt him to become even more incompetent.

Lamentable lack of interest

A third "panacea" is called Stabilising the Price-List. That is a very difficult and complex task to undertake. One of the mysteries of agriculture is that the price of wheat governs everything else, even the price of farm implements. And, furthermore, I do not think that a stabilised price-list would assist production. It might conceivably lessen production.

I will now get down to the remedy which I think will do almost everything to lift our agriculture out of its present deplorable economic plight. Its present condition is due chiefly to one fact—the lack of interest displayed by the general community.

By "general community" I mean those who are consumers. As long as these consumers are fed as "cheaply" as possible they are not interested to know where their food comes from.

The English countryside is alive at week-ends and holiday times with consumers, journeying by motor or other means. They glance at the soil, know nothing of it and care less. The problem of raising the necessaries of life they leave, to their cost, to solve itself.

Tell these consumers of the latest development in television, or of a new car coming out priced £99 19s. 9½d., and their minds are stimulated. Endeavour to talk to them about the peril in allowing agriculture to decline and they are bored.

They look upon the farm labourer as an unskilled artisan. They are not even aware of him when, by reason of his superior physique and ability to work, he comes into the town and takes their job.

Silent Press

How can general interest be stimulated in agriculture? Why is the Press, with the exception of the *Daily Mail*, generally so silent? The answer perhaps is that the subject is dull.

My own personal opinion is that the general public should be in receipt of constant propaganda about national agriculture through every medium of publicity that would serve. Society should be made to realise the danger of the lack of a nationally produced food supply.

In the war the attention of enemy submarines forced the subject on to the public. Once we were down to but eleven weeks' wheat supply. During the war conditions stimulated us into producing 35 per cent. of our food supply. It is now nearer 25 per cent.

Looking ahead we can only come to the conclusion that, at the present rate, our food bill will be gigantic. All the resources of our industrial machine will have to be worked to their uttermost to pay the cost to foreign nations.

At the last census, our population was round about the forty-million mark. In 1931 it will possibly be nearer the fifty-million level. What is it to be in the year 2,000?

Land is going out of cultivation. Some of the loss is possibly temporary, but much is permanent. How many housing schemes are going

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, K.G.

up in the suburbs around our towns? Much of the land that is taken is agricultural land. With population increasing, the area of cultivated land is bound to become less.

Politics no good

Cheap transit threatens to turn the whole of England into one vast semi-rural suburb. Will the food produced in the gardens of suburban houses by the population equal the food produced by those people whom they displaced?

Once the interest of the general community in its agriculture is captured, a way will soon be found to put it on its feet once again. How?

My answer is that many people's interests will have to be consulted first. It is no use my saying that this or that remedy is the solution when collective labour may say, "We do not agree."

A common formula must be found—that is to say, something which satisfies Labour and Capital and the Consumer. A great deal will depend on whether society wants its agriculture placed above politics.

My own personal view is that agriculture is a national project and should be outside politics, like our foreign policy. A political formula will be of little avail. It is a *national* formula that will be needed.

In my view, the day is coming when all industry will be lifted outside politics. It will need, as international competition grows in severity, to know where it is going to stand, with regard to taxes, tariff changes and official interference generally, for years ahead of the present.

Legislative wisdom

In such a way only can the great developments come that are imperative to this age.

I am perhaps alone in saying this now; I am quite confident that, before many years have passed, many people will come to the same conclusion. The power of politics is weakening. It is gradually losing control of industry. Its future function will possibly be to assist in the organising of industry.

And nowhere would this be more acceptable than in agriculture. I think it would be the essence of legislative wisdom for Governments to supervise the production of food. Would it be a costly process? My reply is, The greater the impetus provided by authority the greater the volume of food produced.

In other words, I am merely repeating my argument, The greater the interest displayed in agriculture the greater volume of production obtained.

Whatever your lot in life may be—however hard—it will be easier if you are well. Many people could be described as *only-just* well, and so they *only-just* manage to drag through. It is wonderful what a difference a good digestion, strong nerves and pure blood make to life.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
Buckingham Palace, S.W.

YOUR MAJESTY,—Your recent visit to the new training-camp at Chiseldon, founded for the training of soldiers desirous of settling overseas on the completion of their service, is further proof, if such were needed, of the intense interest you take in the welfare of the men who serve under the Union Jack. Canada has agreed to accept a number of these for settlement on farms, and I am convinced that your gracious personality did much to influence the Dominion. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—The position of Englishwomen married to Americans who reside in England is so extraordinary that steps should be taken to end it. By English law they cease to be English subjects, but America refuses to make them American citizens until they fulfil the condition of the Cable Act and reside in their husband's country for twelve months. Why women only should lose their nationality on marrying one of another country is a mystery. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, M.P.,
President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR,—When Mr. Walter Runciman asked why £5,000,000 per annum should go to subsidise sugar, with problematical results, and nothing should be done for the mining industry, vital to the land, all you could find to reply was that you hoped better times were coming. Only the weak wait upon circumstances; the strong mould them to their will. Get out, and give a live wire a chance! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—Your conference called at the Home Office to discuss methods of befriending girls who come to London seeking work is an excellent example of real devotion to duty. You want to find a workable scheme to prevent girls who fail to find employment from drifting into difficulties and temptation. That prevention is better than cure is the theory on which you work, and I congratulate you on your efforts. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Captain FITZROY, M.P.,
Speaker of the House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—Your even-handed justice on your first day of office must have been as disconcerting to your opponents as it was amusing to your friends. In one question-time you pulled up a Labour man, a Liberal and a Conservative. I can see that the traditions of the Speakership are going to be in very safe hands. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.,
St. Ermins, Caxton Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—That the adoption by Great Britain of a general tariff would merely mean the increase by other countries of existing tariffs against us is so obvious a fact that one marvels that even the most rabid Protectionist dare dispute it. You point out that an evil cannot be fought by aggravating it, and I am convinced that the good sense of the country will not allow a departure from the sound policy of Free Trade. JOHN BULL.

To Sir GEORGE NEWMAN, K.C.B., M.D.,
Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health.

DEAR SIR,—You are of opinion that the increase of nervous diseases amongst children is largely due to insufficient rest, owing to the crowded state of the homes in our big cities. Why the Government fails to act on the hint of so eminent an official as yourself it is difficult to understand. Sunshine and sleep are a vital necessity, and to deprive the young of either, let alone both, is a crime against posterity. JOHN BULL.

To Sir JOHN SNELL, G.B.E.,
Chairman, Electricity Committee.

DEAR SIR,—You contend that electricity for industrial purposes must be made available at the cheapest rates, and predict that in a few years' time it may fall as low as one penny per unit. The Government might well make a start by coming down heavily upon those guilty of profiteering, until such time as the State can itself take over the provision of a commodity so essential to the well-being of the country. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. SCOTT LIDGETT,
National Council of Free Churches.

REV. SIR,—Agreeing that the Churches of Christendom could have prevented the war, you admit that they had not, in 1914, the machinery ready. The war broke the heart of Pope Pius X. and killed the love of organised Christianity in thousands of others. That the Churches are now laying plans for such a catastrophe to be impossible again is a sign of hope. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOSEPH JONES,
Gen. Sec., Yorkshire Mineworkers' Association.

DEAR SIR,—You estimate that well over 50 per cent. of wage-earners in the collieries of Yorkshire are paid less than 29s. per week. It is a crime that men who daily face the terrible risk of the coal-mine should be paid such a sweating and starvation wage, and I am inclined to agree that an industry so vital to the welfare of the nation should be taken out of the hands of individual owners. JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-Com. the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P.,
Campden House Court, Kensington, W.

DEAR SIR,—Your question in the Commons, asking whether it is not possible to hold a Peace Tatto in view of the coming acceptance of the Kellogg note, met with a tragically scant response. The Military Tattoo involved enormous expenditure met out of public money. Nevertheless, the same money will be available for a Peace Tattoo in lieu of a War Tattoo just whenever the country wills it. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor W. BANFIELD,
Operative Bakers and Allied Workers' Union.

DEAR SIR,—You hit the nail on the head in counting war in industry as evil in its effects as any other war. Why not make short work with those who foment it? Those who vote leaders to power can pipe the tune to which they must dance. When the rank and file of trade unionists insist on the peaceful settlement of all disputes it will be done. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor MACLEAN,
Guiseley, Yorks.

DEAR SIR,—I have nothing but contempt for a member of a civic body functioning under the existing Constitution who refuses to stand during the singing of the National Anthem, hence I hold that the resolution strongly disapproving of your ill-mannered behaviour was amply deserved. His Majesty would not treat even the humblest of his subjects in such a manner. Indeed, he is so much a gentleman that I warrant he would greet even you as one. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. BALDWIN:—"I contrast their vague and academic theories with the practical reforms introduced by the Conservative Party."

All Parties "introduce." What's wanted is performance.

* * *

MR. R. G. J. BOOTHBY, M.P.:—"The Budget was a tonic given to producers."

On the kill-or-cure principle, with an emphasis on the kill!

* * *

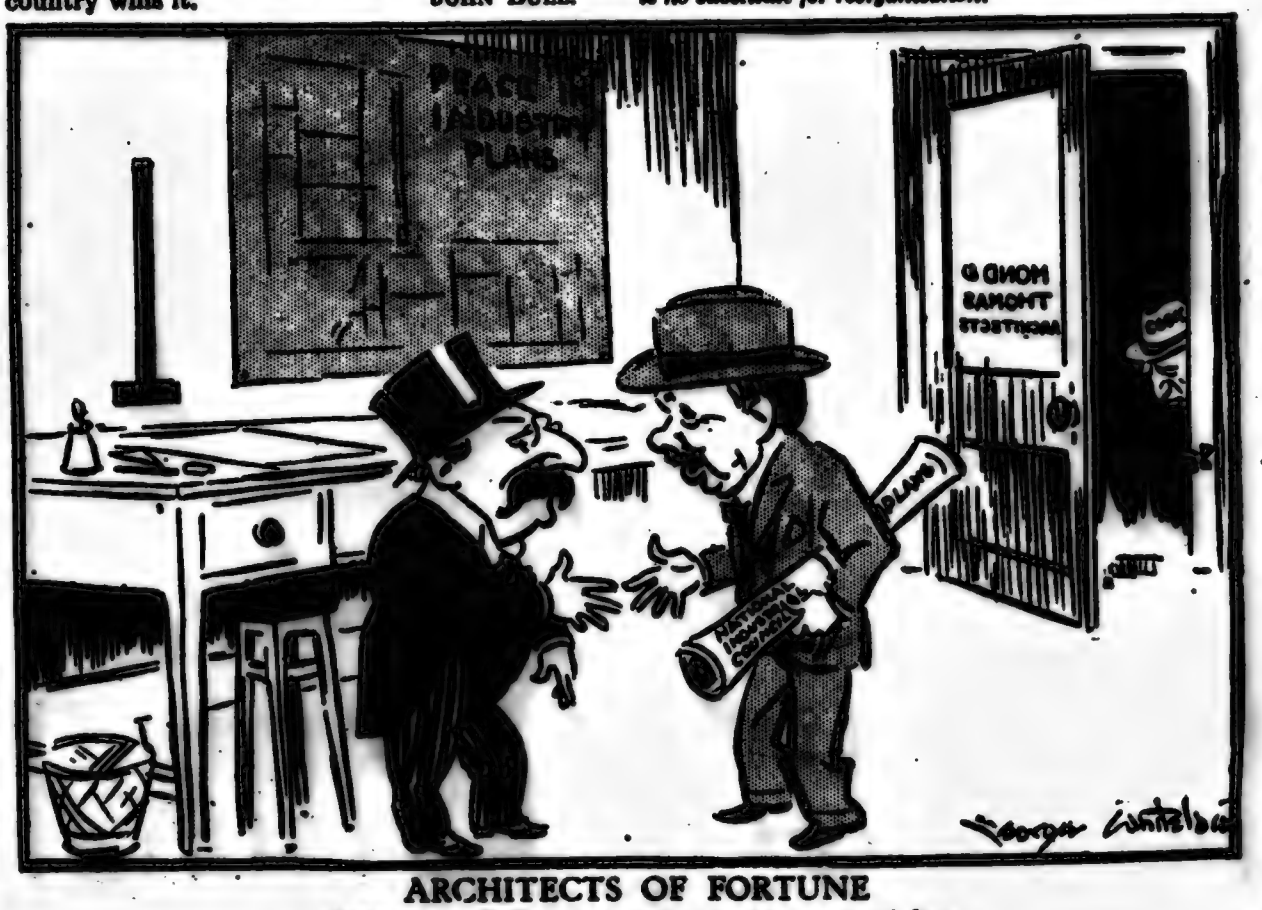
LORD HALIFAX:—"The Church is not a democratic body nor governed by democratic principles."

So far as it is not, by that much it is far from the mind of its Founder.

* * *

DR. HADEN GUEST:—"Urgent social problems, such as slums, seem only soluble in co-operation with the Dominions."

The Dominions are not dumping-grounds. Emigration is no substitute for reorganisation.



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The Truth About Things—by the Editor

The SIGN *of the* GOLDEN FLEECE

HAIL! HAIL! *THE LOVELY HAIL!*

Biggest Bribe on Record

FAR too little attention has up to now been paid to the extraordinary nature of the new rating proposals which form the basis of the Budget now being discussed by Parliament.

We have spent a long time trying to make head or tail of the Rating and Valuation Bill, which is attempting to define what properties shall receive rating relief and what shall not—and we have only succeeded in giving ourselves a severe headache.

One thing, however, emerges with startling clearness. The proposals form a piece of daylight banditry of the first order. Mr. Churchill is at his old game of robbing the hen-roosts.

Take the question of agricultural land. It is to be relieved of all rates—for which the taxpayers will have to find a mere four and a half millions a year, says Mr. Churchill.

He carefully avoids reminding the country that in 1896 agriculture was relieved of half its rates, and that in 1923 it was relieved of yet another quarter of them.

WHAT the taxpayer will really have to find is not four and a half millions a year; it is more like nineteen or twenty millions.

Meanwhile these gentlemen who are to contribute nothing to the rates are going to see vast arterial roads—which cost the country some £52,000,000 per annum—driven alongside their land.

They are going to see their land steadily increase in value, and they are not going to contribute one penny piece to the creation of the value.

The landlord is, as usual, going to sit tight while Mr. Churchill pours into his lap the gold he has filched from the taxpayer!

Factories and workshops are going to be relieved of rates, but not if they are "primarily occupied and used" for the purpose of a retail shop, distributive wholesale business, storage and so on.

Apart from the fact that we doubt whether there is a lawyer in the land who could satisfactorily define that word "primarily"—why not?

Why should shops and distributive warehouses, which are the first to feel the effects of industrial depression, be denied the relief that is intended to alleviate that depression? Why should rich and prosperous undertakings be given rating "relief" which they do not need, while small businesses are to be denied the relief for lack of which they are perishing?

IN our view the whole of the proposals are far less an honest attempt to help industry than a thoroughly dishonest attempt to hold out a wholesale bribe to the agricultural districts.

Nor do we like in the least the proposal to bring the revenue officers into the business of valuation.

It all points to the fact that the Government is attempting more and more to destroy the autonomy of local authorities and centralise the control of finance in Whitehall.

It is the rating proposals of the Budget on which the country should keep a very sharp eye indeed, for they are vicious in principle and will be still more vicious in practice.

Nobody can define a "necessitous area"—the relief of which is supposed to be the prime motive of the proposals. No one can differentiate between those who need relief and those who don't. No one—perhaps least of all Mr. Churchill—can really understand what the proposals are.

There is only one thing that is terribly certain—that the taxpayer is going to be unmercifully fleeced, and that a golden hail is going to fall into the laps of the lawyers and the Land Lords.

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

"PATRIOTISM"—*WITH BLINKERS*

A New Meaning to an Overworked Word

PAYING through the nose without enquiring why is becoming a positive vice with the British taxpayer. From this utterly foolish and irresponsible attitude the *Daily Express* has pulled him up with a sharp jerk. With commendable persistence it has torn away the veil of secrecy from the mystery of the petrol prices.

It warns the country that unless it wakens up it will not only continue to pay through the nose for every drop of petrol it uses, but will presently be expected to do the same for crude oil.

The British Government is heavily interested in the oil business. In 1913 the then Government was anxious to maintain oil supplies to this country at a fair price. It dreaded combines which would inevitably raise its price.

Now the Government is in partnership with the combines. The Anglo-Persian chairman is Sir John Cadman, the Government's own nominee. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company is now a member of a vicious price ring.

On Mr. Churchill's own showing, while the Government takes no part in the management of the Company, it *absolutely dominates* its policy. "The strong voice of Whitehall is never absent from the board room."

Mr. Baldwin, and indeed every member of the present Government, has again and again declared for private enterprise and open competition (within the Empire) as the only possible plan.

The individual, according to this reasoning, is the factor in keeping quality up and prices down. Why then are the same people combining, within a price ring, to keep prices up in one essential product?

A very steady stream of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company reach their positions *viâ* Whitehall. Offices on the staff are filled from the same source.

Can it be because of these facts that no pressure is brought upon the Anglo-Persian Oil Company to withdraw from the ring?

If so, it is the kind of "patriotism" to which the country must be alive. It is the kind we ourselves are out to expose. The price of petrol affects not only motorists. It affects every workman who rides in a 'bus and every possible industry where he may be employed.

If the price of crude oil also soars, as it will do if the American oil interests succeed in their attempt to purchase the entire Russian output, the case will be even worse.

"The oil that make the wheels go round" may become almost prohibitive. Russian petrol will reach Great Britain under the combine label and every user will be at the entire mercy of the price-fixing ring. Never before has there been such a blatant scheme of private profiteering under the guise of Government rectitude.

SILLY INSULTS

Impossible Conditions

IF we were asked to put keenness for education in a categorical list we should have to put Scotland first and Yorkshire and Lancashire next.

There is something in the sharp air of the North that expels lassitude. The lads from the moors are as wide awake as the lads from the banks and braes. They know if they wish to get on in the world they must acquire knowledge first.

This makes it all the more disturbing that good scholarships are constantly being offered in Yorkshire, but are not being taken up.

There is "apparent lack of interest shown" in the agricultural scholarships offered to children of farm labourers "not in receipt of incomes exceeding £150 a year"!

These scholarships are quite rightly described as valuable. They provide for training at Universities, yet the rush of applicants when the scheme was started in 1923 has dwindled.

It is an insult to Yorkshire intelligence to infer that because the training is found to be no "walk over" students hang fire.

Our national history of great men and women refutes the silly suggestion that country youth is less willing "to get down to it" than its town compatriots.

The whole trouble is simply one of economics. Yorkshire is hit hard by the coal trouble. Families with incomes of less than £150 a year cannot afford any extras.

A scholarship is not by any means always the blessing it appears. In most cases it is the prelude to a vastly increased expenditure.

The "seeming" lack of interest merely reflects impossible conditions. There will be no hope for the nation until these conditions are remedied, and every child, irrespective of the finances of its parents, educated to the top of its capacity.

We shall not make the headway on which we, as a nation, are capable until the "open road" from elementary school to University is really open and free to all who can tread it.

The SCARLET CARBUNCLE

by A. G. GARDINER

IT will be a good thing for Labour to have the Maxtons and the Cooks outside. Peace in industry is the country's essential need. Preachers of war have had their day and have failed

The Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Leader of the Labour Party

MR. MAXTON has taken the field with Mr. Cook, and the storm-cone is hoisted in the Labour world. The cleavage in that world has been inevitable ever since the catastrophe of 1926, when Mr. Cook stampeded the Party and ran trade unionism on the rocks.

Labour emerged from that experience with no disposition to repeat it and with no friendly feeling for the revolutionary element which had manœuvred it into disaster.

And, inasmuch as trade unionism pays the piper to the Parliamentary Party and has therefore the right to call the tune, there was a marked change in temper and policy.

This change was reflected in many ways. Mr. Cook was left in very noticeable isolation, and Communism was openly repudiated by the Trades Union Congress.

Sensible leadership

The tide of Labour feeling had very definitely swung away from the revolutionary propaganda, and the official leaders in Parliament, especially Mr. MacDonald, did not hesitate to speak of the "Socialism in our time" slogan of the left wing with contempt.

The change of mood was most significantly illustrated when Sir Alfred Mond made his overture to the council of the Trades Union Congress to join representative employers in setting up an industrial conference to consider a new policy in the conduct of industry.

Instead of turning down this invitation, the council, at the inspiration of Mr. Ben Turner and other respected leaders of the trade union movement, agreed to enter the conference.

Whatever comes of it, the action of the council was wise and sensible, and it undoubtedly represented the overwhelming preponderance of Labour feeling, which is not revolutionary and has no disposition to take its marching orders (or its cash) from Moscow.

A lost job

The futility of war as a means of improving the conditions of labour had been sufficiently demonstrated in 1926, and there was little temptation to repeat that experience. The alternative was to pursue the path of peaceful negotiation, and the conference provided the opportunity.

But the idea of peace was anathema to the warlike soul of Mr. Cook. He had become a national celebrity by preaching war, and peace would mean that his occupation was gone.

He saw quite truly that if this shocking idea of meeting employers round a table and trying to hammer out schemes for the mutual benefit (and incidentally for the benefit of trade and of the country) became really established, it was all up with "the class war" and the hopes of reproducing the blessed conditions prevailing in Russia.

In this, of course, he was quite right. You can sit on a fence, but if you come off a fence you must be on one side or the other. In a word, Labour must be either for war or for peace in industry, and Mr. Cook will have war and nothing but war.

So he attacked the Trades Union Council as a pack of traitors who were betraying Labour. They had succumbed to the blandishments of Sir Alfred Mond and had sold the pass to their enemies. In a world of faithless Shorts he was the only Codlin who was true to his trust and would never meet a capitalist except with a sword to slay him.

And now Mr. Cook has found a recruit, a formidable recruit. Mr. Maxton has thrown in his lot with him and has issued with him a manifesto declaring war on the official leaders of the Labour Party.

On the question of the conference with the employers, of course, Mr. Maxton has no *locus standi*. He is not a trade unionist and the Trades Union Council will take no more notice of his opinion than they would of mine.

Ominous move

But he is a prominent and respected member of the Parliamentary Party, the chairman of the I.L.P., and a forceful personality.

While Mr. Cook beats the drum inside the T.U.C., Mr. Maxton raises the banner of revolt without. His action means that the rupture in the ranks of Labour is a fact. A new party is in the field and the leadership of Mr. MacDonald and of all the old guard of Labour is repudiated.

So far as the prospects of the coming election are concerned, the revolt is an ominous thing for Labour. It is not likely that the rebels will carry many heavy guns into action, but whatever guns they have will be turned on Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues.

Moscow has always had its knife into the official leaders here, and quite naturally so, for they are about as far removed from Communism as I am. Any support from that quarter, therefore, will be directed against them, and it is not improbable that the defection of the Communists in certain constituencies will be sufficient to secure the defeat of the official Labour candidate.

Deserted tabernacle

It is this menace, no doubt, that explains the decision of Mr. MacDonald himself to leave Aberavon, where the Communist faction is strong, for Seaham, where he will be less vulnerable to the attack of the left wing.

But, in the long run, it will be a wholesome thing for Labour to have the Maxtons and the Cooks outside the Party rather than inside. Labour believes in Parliamentary methods and not in force, and it has abundant justification for its belief.

It is already the second Party in the State, has occupied the Treasury bench and will probably occupy it again. The source of its strength is its association with the trade union movement. That movement provides both the votes and the money. It is not a revolutionary movement.

It is absurd that this powerful movement should be discredited by a little rump of revolutionaries who take their instructions from Moscow and whose whole purpose is to destroy Parliamentary government and to inaugurate a policy of civil war.

The strength of this rump was that it was able to make organised Labour dance to the tune it set. Now that Labour has decided to dance no longer to the piping of Mr. Cook, the Communists have determined to set up a tabernacle of their own.

I fancy they will be astonished at the fewness of the worshippers at that tabernacle. And I am sure that responsible Labour will be the better for getting rid of this carbuncle on its neck.

The *DAILY*

There is a languorous attitude about that is distinctly alarming. One reason for it is the absence of an independent, virile Press

THERE is a feebleness about public opinion these days which is puzzling. If we were to attribute *backbone* to public opinion one would say that there seems to be a lack of it. There is a languor or lack of vim about the public mind which is unusual.

The Rt. Hon. C. Addison

Take an illustration or two. It cannot now be challenged that the egregious foreign policy of the past few years has been steadily leading both to increased expenditure on armaments when we cannot afford it and to the probability of another war.

The Geneva Conference was a failure, a failure in spite of the desires of all the peoples represented—a failure dictated by the visions of out-of-date admirals, with accompanying jubilations by the armament rings. A further increase in the bill for naval construction was taken as certain, but nobody seemed to mind. The madness was taken as inevitable.

We have refused even to conclude an arbitration treaty with Switzerland! We even refuse the option of arbitration on specified questions, although the chief European Powers have agreed to the procedure. But people do not protest.

We are authoritatively informed, as a result of a recent thoroughgoing experiment, that the chances are that, within a few hours of the opening of a European war, a great part of London may be reduced to a monstrous ash-heap and hundreds of thousands of innocent people suffocated or poisoned, or otherwise reduced to desolation.

But for the most part it is passed over with the newspaper headlines and a little passing comment.

If the people asserted themselves as they have often done in the past, and can do on any subject if they have a mind, they could impress their opinion upon their rulers in a hundred ways, and without any upset or turbulence.

THE worst of it is that without Britain's co-operation there will be no move forwards to rational methods of settlement of international disputes. We are actually in the position of heading the drift backwards, and yet we are the people who for a hundred years or more have supplied the chief dynamic force in the promotion of human freedom and betterment!

An APPALLING PAY-SHEET

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHILE statesmen wangle and politicians argue, the social system falls further and further into decay. It is time we remembered and put into practice the simple Christianity of the Golden Rule

"THE social system is inconsistent with Christianity," said the Rev. Canon Donaldson the other day. "The fact is it does not work. There are hundreds of thousands of miners at this very minute not knowing where their next meal is coming from. The system does not work."

I rather agree with Canon Donaldson. The wheels of our social life have grown rusty.

Last week there were 1,162,500 registered unemployed—175,152 more than in the corresponding week last year. And there are a lot *not* registered. Nobody seems to know. Nobody seems to care. Nobody is doing anything.

One million and a half able-bodied men with nothing to do! Able to work, willing to work, anxious to work—and not allowed to work.

Do you know how many men there are in a million and a half, beyond realising that there are an "awful lot"? Let me try and help you to see them. Stand at your window and imagine such a procession passing by.

A long procession

There they go, ten abreast, each line just two seconds behind the other. Hour after hour, from daylight to dark, with never a break, they pass your window, these men who ask for work and are not allowed to work.

From daylight to dark without a break, to-day, to-morrow and the next day: *and it would not be until late in the seventh day that the last of that despairing procession passed your window. That is what a million and a half men means.*

One of these million and a half came to see me not so long ago. He had spent four days and nights on the Thames Embankment. He had no money. He was literally starving.

He did not want charity. He wanted work, and he could not get it. *Nor could he get the "dole." Society was apparently quite prepared to let him starve.*

We have a large and expensive Ministry of Labour and a vast network of miscalled "employment exchanges." We have the "dole" and we have a powerful Government. We have everything—except the will to give work to men who want it. So this young man came to me from that last home of lost souls—the Thames Embankment.

I did not trouble the Ministry of Labour. I sent him where I *knew* that something practical would be done for him.

Practical Christianity

I sent him to my very good friend Brigadier Tucker at the headquarters of the Salvation Army. Within half an hour I got the following reply:

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and in reply to say that I passed the young man on to the right officer who has arranged for him to be taken into one of our institutions. He has promised him that if he remains there until the Spring we will arrange for his transfer to Canada and will see that he is provided with work out there."

That was all. No red tape, no Acts of Parliament, no fuss; just a little bit of practical Christianity and a real desire to help.

Surely what the Salvation Army can do in one case the all-powerful Administration of Mr. Baldwin can do in hundreds of thousands? But it prefers, apparently, to spend millions in order to keep men idle.

That is one side of our rusty social system. What of the other, where men are lucky enough to have work?

I have before me a large number of pay-sheets sent me by Mr. J. Carr, who works at the firm of Dorman, Long and Co., Ltd., Redcar.

Mr. Carr has worked for them for eleven years. He has a wife and five children. He lives in one of the company's houses, for which 13s. 5d. is deducted every week from his wages for rent.

The Rev. Canon F. L. Donaldson, M.A., who says, with some truth, that our social system is failing to work properly

All sorts of other deductions are made, insurance, doctor, clubs, sick fund and so on.

His pay-sheet for June 16 shows that he earned £2 7s. 4d. *He took home 7d.*

On February 25 he earned £1 3s. 4d. *He took home 1s. 5d.*

On May 5 he earned £1 1s. 9d. *He took home 5d.*

I have taken his pay-sheets just as they came to hand. Sometimes he took home more. He has taken home as much as £1 7s. 4d.—and as little as 2d.

Despairing cry

"I take these pays home to my wife," he says. "She looks at them, has a good cry and says, 'What can I do with that?'"

And he sends up the same despairing cry, "I don't want charity, I want work, with a wage that will give seven of us a bare existence."

I invite the directors of Dorman, Long and Co. to look into this matter personally. I cannot believe they are aware of it. I cannot believe that any men with hearts in their bodies would allow such an iniquity to persist if once they did know about it.

Let us, finally, look at the system which Canon Donaldson says does not work through quite different eyes. Mr. T. H. Seed, managing director of the Seed Shipping Company, addressed the annual meeting at Newcastle.

"The time has come when we must throw patriotism to the winds," he said, and urged that the vessels should be run under the Latvian flag.

Why? Because *there would be a considerable saving of wages. They could save about* £1,500 *a year per boat.*

Too simple to try!

Mr. Dawson (another director) said quite bluntly: "I can say from experience lasting more than twenty-five years that foreign-manned vessels are 500 per cent. better than British-manned vessels"!

So while British seamen sleep in doss-houses and tramp the docks in a vain search for work, patriotism is to be "thrown to the winds" and cheap foreign labour used to man British ships!

No wonder Canon Donaldson says the system does not work. There is one way in which it could very soon be made to work. We call ourselves a Christian nation. Let us begin, for a change, to practise Christianity. Let us do unto others as we would they should do to us.

It is a simple remedy. Perhaps that is why so few think it worth trying!

SE of DOPE

by The Rt. Hon. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON

We shall recover our vigour, no doubt, before long, but there is a danger in the delay. But what is the explanation of this seeming languor?

THERE is, I think, a new factor in our public life that is exercising a soporific and damaging effect on the public mind. It is the effect of the new vast organisation of the public Press under a monopoly direction.

We are exposed, by persistent repetition, by continual suggestion, by dissemination through a hundred channels, to the influence of any particular idea which some financial boss or other has decided to force upon the public mind.

We are not getting, as was formerly the case in the most widely read papers, the independent opinions of our cultured journalists, but their work has to be adjusted to suit the latest "gesture" or "stunt."

It so happens, however, that the devising and direction of a nation's policy is not a happy-go-lucky affair which can be modified as it ceases to be a popular topic of talk.

It involves a set of qualities, an understanding and training quite different from that necessarily possessed by the successful millionaire director of newspapers, and, in some cases, quite glaringly not possessed.

This Press business, however, in respect of management, finance and distribution, is superbly organised and compels admiration. It is so well organised that it brings its daily dose of prescribed dope to millions of people who formerly thought for themselves or, at any rate, read an independent opinion.

The fact is that the most potent of these popular organs, despite their clamour for economy, are not friendly to the active promotion of measures designed to prevent war; so that the ghastly menace, of which every well-informed man is conscious, is glossed over or dropped out of sight after a day or two, in favour of a crusade for "downing" somebody or other or for booming this or that attractive tit-bit.

WHEN people are rushed in this way from one thing to another they lose the disposition to give thought to things that really do matter—for example, to the possible bombing of London—and quite unconsciously let it pass out of their thoughts before they realise that it should be for them, in common with others, to let it be known that a way has got to be found to avoid these disasters.

A way can be found right enough. It will be found when the British people decide that it must be—and not until.

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An *AMAZING* RAMP

by HENRY R. ALDRIDGE

THE condition of those living in the worst slums is appalling, and the rents demanded for them is alarming. Yet local authorities have a power in their hands that would stop this heartless robbery. Why is it not used?

THERE are at the present time upwards of a million houses which are unfit for human habitation scattered throughout the cities, towns and villages of Great Britain.

There are, in the old mining villages of Northumberland, Durham and Scotland, to be found worn-out shacks which never cost more than £50 or £60 to run up in a few weeks, and, after seventy years of overcrowded life, still inhabited.

I well remember describing to the late Lord Milner a miners' row as I saw it thirty years ago in company with a veteran trade union leader, Hughie Boyle.

Imagine a long, low-browed row of hovels flanking the main road, with all the sanitary conveniences on the far side of the public highway.

The fatal ladder

Enter one of the houses and the only real room in the house is before you. A great fire blazes in the fireplace, with its oven for bread-baking and water heating. A large four-poster bedstead stands out in the picture as well as a table with two plain wooden benches which serve as seats when meals are taken.

A brightly coloured paper adorns the walls and is blotched in a score of places by the damp, mouldering walls which it hides. Behind a wooden partition there is a scullery.

Above, there is a garret-room, under the crazy, leaky roof. Here the children sleep, and I remember a miner's leader telling me that he could, as a child, study astronomy (through the holes in the roof) without getting out of bed.

There is no stairway. A step-ladder has to serve and I remember one of my old friends of the Miners' Union telling me, with tears in his eyes, of the death of a dearly loved little one, who fell headlong down this step-ladder.

But there are slums just as bad in the purlieus of our great cities. In some respects they are much worse. The miners' children could play in the open country which surrounded this village of Seghill. But the children of Paradise Alley and Industry Terrace have only the gutter in which to play.

Monstrous iniquity

I remember a great cricketer "bringing down the house" when the Playing Fields movement was started, with General Kentish at its head, at a magnificent meeting in the Albert Hall.

He told the simple story of the East London boy who went into the country on a school treat and was asked to join in a game of cricket.

The poor little fellow was convinced that they could not play the game as it should be played because there was no lamp-post for a wicket!

Parliament and the people lost a faithful servant and a fine reformer when my life-long friend, Trevelyan Thomson of Middlesbrough passed away, as a result of overwork and his ceaseless energies in the cause of housing and other reforms.

But it is of his amendment to the Rent Restriction Act that I desire specially to write.

We came to the conclusion that whilst a case could be made out in

Mr. Henry R. Aldridge

favour of allowing an increase of 40 per cent. in the amount payable in rent for decent, wholesome, housing accommodation, the granting of a similar permission to slum-owners to increase their rents would be a monstrously iniquitous proceeding.

What tenants can do

We accordingly worked out an amendment, which Trevelyan Thomson tabled and carried triumphantly into law, and it now forms part of the last Rent Restrictions Act.

This amendment provides for the definite forbidding of any increase in rent unless the dwelling is in all respects fit for human habitation.

A tenant is empowered when the house is not fit for human habitation to go to the county court judge and secure from him an order based on a certificate which must be granted by the local authority forbidding the taking of an increased rent if the house is not in all respects fit to serve as a human habitation.

Let us agree that the owner of good property has a right to ask for, and secure, an increase of 40 per cent. on the pre-war rent.

Repairs cost more, and other expenses have increased to such a degree that fair-minded men who wish that all should have a fair deal, whether they are landlords or tenants, can give their approval to the main features of the last Rent Restrictions Amendment Act.

* * *

Jack Fallon, popularly known as "The Wizard of Netheravon," reveals in "The People" every Sunday turf secrets never before published.

But can any fair-minded man approve the increasing of the rent charged for a house which is unfit for human habitation? It should be destroyed "stock, lock and barrel,—if it cannot be made fit for human beings to live in.

I know of cases in the East End of London where houses were built eighty years ago at a total building cost of £90. The rent, including rates, charged to the tenants was then, when the houses were new, less than 5s. a week.

Crowning iniquity

Now they are only fit for the destroying hands of the housebreaker. But the rents are 11s. 6d. per week. Could there be a greater travesty of fair dealing than this?

And now comes the crowning iniquity of all. When the war broke out families were living in slums and paid rents for them which were out of proportion to their real value.

With the flux of time the war closed and provision was made to permit the owners of good property to increase their rents by 40 per cent.

Provision was also made to enable tenants of slums, *and*—note the "and"—the local authority to take action to prevent the increasing of the rent when the property is not in all respects reasonably fit for habitation—note also the words "*in all respects* reasonably fit."

Has this meant that the poor are only paying pre-war rents for the slums in which they live?

On the contrary, it will be true to state that, north, south, east and west, the owners of slums have demanded and secured the same 40 per cent. increase which has been secured by the owners of good property.

All this time local authorities have had the weapon forged by Trevelyan Thomson to be used in defence of the slender budgets of the poor.

Simple remedy

As a result of ignorance that this power exists, or apathy, it will be true to state that the majority of local authorities have left this power unused. This means that the poorest poor are paying, in my estimate, scores of thousands of pounds every year in illegal payments.

The remedy is simple and straightforward. Let every man who wishes to secure "a fair deal" for the poor and who is a member of a local authority ask for a report from the responsible officer recording the rents paid before the war for the slums which exist and the rents paid to-day.

Then in every case where the rent has been increased let the power of the local authority to go to the county court be used and the judge asked to issue an order making illegal the payment of any increase. The power is definite and straightforward.

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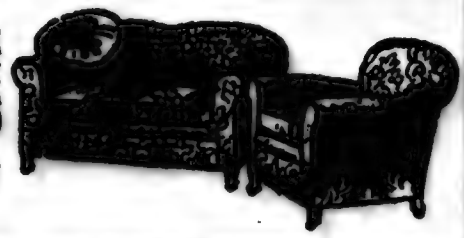

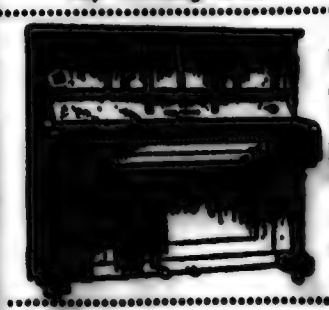

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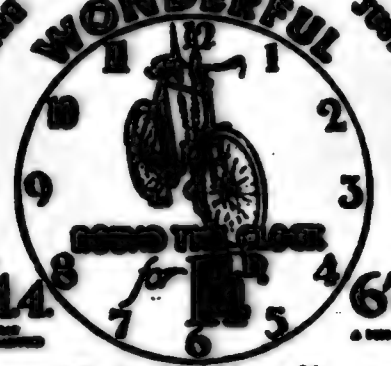

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The SECRETS *of* SLIPPERY SAM

A NURSERY *FULL of "PLANTS"*

Our Dossier Does It!

MR. SAMUEL HARDY, of Palace Mansions, Enfield, is a rascal who has practised one form of deception repeatedly for a surprising number of years.

His long run of successes is now ended, however, and as JOHN BULL has played a conspicuous part in bringing this hardened offender to book, the full story of his escapades will be of interest to our readers.

Hardy is seventy, but scarcely looks his age, while his wife, who in recent times has also filled the rôle of secretary, is about twenty-five years his junior.

For a quarter of a century Hardy has represented himself as a hard-working nurseryman. Actually, however, he is an exceedingly wily customer who has thrived by obtaining money by false pretences.

Had he chosen to keep straight he might have retired long ago on a comfortable little fortune, for there were times when excellent prospects lay before him.

But he was dominated by a spirit of waywardness and gradually drifted into slippery paths.

Very meagre assets

In 1898 he opened up some well-established nurseries at Coulsdon, in Surrey.

All might have been well had he paid attention to business, but as it was, his expensive mode of living soon got him into financial difficulties and, being unable to meet certain bills, he was sued by a creditor and forced into bankruptcy.

Admitted liabilities on this occasion reached over £2,000, while the only assets disclosed by Slippery Sam realised slightly less than a farthing in the pound! As the costs of the bankruptcy had to be met, the creditors got nothing at all.

In 1908, Hardy cropped up at Liverpool, where, with practically no capital of his own, he established another nursery.

In connection with this he induced his young wife—who was destined subsequently to stand in the dock with him on charges of fraud—to part with all her savings, a matter of £500.

For a year or so Hardy carried on, doing quite good business. But again his extravagant habits led to disaster, and, in 1913, the landlord of the nurseries put in the brokers, and Slippery Sam disappeared from the scene, leaving numerous debts unpaid.

Bombarded with writs

After this he lay low in Edinburgh for a time. Then he came south and opened a nursery at Edmonton.

This shared a similar fate to the others, and, subletting the premises, Hardy betook himself to Bedfordshire, where he opened yet another nursery.

He was bolder now than ever. He obtained credit on all sides, and dissipating all incoming profits on luxurious living, quickly found himself bombarded with writs.

The earlier ones he settled out of court; then, when his true financial position became generally known, he found it impossible to evade publicity any longer.

Several judgments were recorded against him, and, unable to satisfy them, he was again compelled to face bankruptcy proceedings.

In the meantime, he had induced his wife to obtain further money

Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., who passed sentence on Hardy and his wife

from relatives on his behalf and to sink it in his tottering business.

Liabilities in this second crash amounted to more than £10,000, but, in spite of the fraudulent transactions disclosed in this bankruptcy, Hardy was arrested on the flimsy charge of obtaining credit without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

Unappreciated leniency

Why he was not prosecuted for conducting a deliberate campaign of fraud remains unexplained to this day.

Thus Hardy escaped with a few months' imprisonment when he undoubtedly merited a smarter punishment. But this leniency had no chastening effect, for when he emerged from jail he commenced operations again as if nothing had happened!

He next formed a concern known as the Crews Hill Nursery Co., Ltd., with a registered office at 34, Theobalds Road, W.C.

The latter premises were then occupied by a swindling solicitor named Mallet, who is now wanted by the police for robbing clients of cash that he converted to his own use.

Whilst Mallet's office provided "headquarters" for many dubious companies, it is also interesting to note that the Crews Hill Nursery Co., Ltd., was actually formed by Henry Allen Ashton, the leading light of the notorious London Financial Service, Ltd., so often exposed in these columns.

Owing to Hardy's now established notoriety, he induced his wife, Dora Hardy, whom he had ruined financially in previous ventures, to become the principal director of this new concern.

Dora, under a pretty little scheme, "sold" the business at Crews Hill to the company, which was formed to take it over as a going concern.

New idea

Hardy, thus sheltering behind his wife, then hit upon a new idea. In addition to obtaining goods from various creditors, he published a series of advertisements, which were conceived in fraud from the outset.

He held out inducements to investors in the way of positions with remunerative salaries, also promising local housing accommodation.

The average amount he asked for was £150, and money soon rolled in from trusting clients, and a number of unemployed men were cruelly victimised.

One, a Tottenham man, attracted by the advertisements, was affably received by the eloquent Hardy, who took the intending investor to view the nurseries.

At that time the property was not Hardy's, nor even his wife's, but he said it was, and promised a salary of £3 10s. a week and a rent-free house in return for £150.

The man paid up and for five months was put off with excuses.

Finally, when he and other dupes actually did start work, it lasted for only three weeks and they were then paid off and told to see the company's solicitor, the now "wanted" Mr. Mallett.

The latter said difficulties had arisen and promised to get as much of their money back as possible. They never obtained any satisfaction, however.

Then Hardy formed the Oaklands Nurseries, Ltd., after which we exposed him as a confirmed swindler.

Our bulky dossier

Later the police came to us and intimated that if JOHN BULL would co-operate, a charge of obtaining money by false pretences could be preferred against Hardy.

By this time we had accumulated a bulky dossier, which we handed over to the police.

Shortly after this Mr. Hardy and his wife were arrested, and last week they appeared at the Old Bailey, where reference was made to the exposures in JOHN BULL, both were found guilty.

Hardy, in consideration of his advanced age, escaped with the comparatively light sentence of fifteen months in the second division, while his wife received a sentence of six months.

* * *

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The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

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Said a young married husband named Bill,
"I don't want to grumble, but still,
If you don't get 'Diploma'
You'll find me a roamer"
Her reply saved her house—Keeping Bill

£50 WINNER.
There was a dyspeptic old squire
Whose spirits rose higher and higher,
When he found that with ease
He could eat Crustless Cheese,
He sang Psalms and 'shut up' Jeremiah.

£20 WINNER.
Said an ex-toreador from Vigo,
"I lived on 'Diploma,' you know;
For sinew and muscle
And red blood corpuscle
It's the *last word*—and then the echo."

£20 WINNER.
There was a dyspeptic old squire
Whose spirits rose higher and higher,
When he found that with ease
He could eat Crustless Cheese,
Then 'comfortably off' could 'retire.'

'DIPLOMA'

The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

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ENVY is not only bad for you but quite unnecessary when it comes to matters of outdoor health and appetite. They can be yours even if you work a 10 or 12 hour day, for the things which make appetite—and therefore give nourishment and health—are ready and waiting for you in every bottle of Yorkshire Relish. The reason, of course, is the rich, mouth-watering spices that play so big a part in its formula. For centuries they have been accepted as the greatest of appetite and digestion producers.

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Everyone knows how slimming vinegar is, and as Yorkshire Relish is just fine vinegar plus wonderfully flavoured spices, you can see that Yorkshire Relish with meals not only gives enjoyment and digestion, but sees to it that the good things you eat don't add any weight. You get the nourishment but you avoid undue fattening effect.

Your grocer has waiting for you a bottle of

Yorkshire Relish

all ready to create healthy, outdoor appetite, ready to give rich, new flavour to any and every meat dish to which you care to add it. 9d. buys a full-sized bottle that will last for weeks. Why not get one to-day?

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2/6 Down

Ensures Immediate Delivery

of *your* bicycle endowed with 'life'—a *Mead!* Always a leader; mile after mile of easy motion; ever in tune with the rider who desires easily-sustained speed and effortless hill-climbing.

The "Mead" is an all-British machine with a rigid frame construction, built from the rider's standpoint on scientific lines by skilled men; every part perfection, embodying those superfine qualities so well-known to discriminating cyclists. In weight not an ounce heavier than it should be; in price, pounds less than it ought to be.

From £4 7s. 6d. Cash.

On payment of 2/6 Deposit we will send a Mead Bicycle carriage paid on 15 days' free trial and refund your money if dissatisfied.

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BEYOND COMPARISON—IN REPRODUCTION—APPEARANCE—AND PRICE

The NEW Gageyphone ALL BRITISH

Fill your pipe the AG way

AG PIPE PAPERS

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

THE cheerful smile and caressing touch of a loved one often win when doctor and medicine would fail. Even the angel of death is chased away. But it is a sad fact that in some cases the effort put forth is unappreciated

The MEDICINE of LOVE

I HAVE never seen a patient nearer death. I am perfectly sure that for one brief moment he was actually dead. His breathing had become almost inaudible, and suddenly it seemed to stop.

The girl sitting by his bedside, as though sensing the worst, started to sob. Then in an agonised voice, she cried, "Jack, Jack, come back to me. I can't let you go."

Almost miraculously he started to breathe again, and for an hour that waiting girl strained her ears to listen for the symbol that tells of life. Then slowly the patient opened his eyes and stared in wonderment around him.

"What has happened, where am I?" he whispered. "It's all right, Jack, dear," answered his companion softly, and the soothing touch of her hand upon his head seemed to satisfy him, for he sank into a natural sleep.

Softly the girl crept out of the ward. "Is it safe for me to leave him?" she appealed to the doctor. "I hardly think so—yet," he added ominously. "But his mother," went on the girl, "she's an invalid and she will be worrying dreadfully."

The doctor looked at her kindly. "And you are his sweetheart?" he ventured. "Yes," she answered proudly, "and he's all the world to me." "Then you had better remain with him, and we'll send a messenger to his mother."

Winning fight

For a moment the girl hesitated, then appealingly she begged, "Don't make it too hard for her. He's her only child and she worships him." And back again she went to her lover.

For a week she kept up her ceaseless vigil by that bedside. One day when I enquired about him, I was told "There's not much chance, but he's making a fight for it." And in that fight his sweetheart took her share.

More than once have I seen a patient's life just on the wobble, when neither medicine nor doctor could save him. And I have seen the cheerful smile and caressing touch of a loved one make all the difference.

It was certainly so in this case. Gradually he started to make progress, and a few days later he was out of danger.

What a shock!

"It's a miraculous recovery," said the doctor, and when the girl started to thank him, he stopped her. "You deserve all the thanks," he said; "you've been just wonderful."

Then he added this word of advice: "You should go home now and have a long rest; you must be worn out."

But she did not take his advice. She left the hospital, it is true, but she went to stay with her boy's mother. "She's had a strain, too," she murmured tenderly, "and maybe I can comfort her."

Three months later that patient was ordered to go for a sea voyage, and I never saw him again. But some time later his girl called to see me.

"You're not married yet?" I asked with some surprise. "No, and never likely to be," she told me. Then with her head held low she whispered, "I loved him so dearly that I would gladly have given my life for him." "What has happened?" I asked her kindly. And she told me.

"I was sitting in the bedroom with his mother when he returned after being abroad for six months. We had not heard from him for several weeks, and we could not understand the silence. Soon we knew. Excitedly I rushed down to greet him, and there he stood and introduced me to—his wife."

Then with a laugh, which was forced rather than natural, this girl went on,

Philip Inman

"But that's done with now. I've got work to do which takes my mind off it." And she told me that she had taken up nursing and was a probationer at a London hospital.

• • •

At a meeting the other day I was talking to a hospital secretary. Suddenly he changed the conversation. "You know Miss ——," he said. "Yes," I replied, "she's on your nursing staff, isn't she?" "She was up to a month ago," he answered.

Then with a smile he added, "She was sent out to nurse a private patient. He got better, and she's shortly going to marry him."

The Sentence of the Court

PENNYWEIGHT *PIRATES*

A Daniel Up for Judgment

CAPTAIN FREDERICK DANIEL, described as master of the liner *Jervis Bay*, indignantly pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of pulling the communication cord without adequate excuse.

"Although Captain Daniel has a Master's certificate," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "he appears to have been anything but 'master' of the *Jervis Bay* when eight stowaways became naughty.

"The world first got a hint that something exciting was happening when a wireless message was sent from the *Jervis Bay* alleging that some desperadoes were threatening to set the ship on fire.

"This was followed by an even stronger appeal. 'Mutiny and incendiarism tried,' read the message. 'Speedily assist me.'

"A real live cruiser was asked for, and while the Navy was getting ready to perform deeds of valour, the dear old *Daily Mail*, having been reduced to a state when hot fomentations seemed called for, had just enough strength left to gurgle, between sniffs at the smelling-salts, 'I told you so!'

"What the agitated old scandal-monger now 'told' everybody, under the terrifying heading, 'Piracy on the High Seas,' was: 'Moscow is at the bottom of this kind of affair.'

"Meanwhile everybody was wondering how eight stowaways could hold at bay the 100 members of the crew and the 600 passengers of the good ship *Jervis Bay*. It was felt that, whether they hailed from Moscow or Woolloomooloo, they must be super-stowaways.

"But the real explanation (judging by the evidence given at Colombo, where the bold, bad fellows were handed five and a half months apiece) appears to have been not that the Big Eight were supermen, but the accused had been too much of a little gentleman, and had acted rather like a well-meaning curate who thinks that the quickest way of settling a dog-fight is to present etiquette books to the combatants."

• • •

Mr. Strawsplitter said that it ill became people safe on dry land to minimise the seriousness of the situation with which Captain Daniel had to deal. The evidence showed that these stowaways had become "abusive and undisciplined," had used bad language, behaved insultingly in front of women passengers, and had "jeered in an insulting manner."

Even when they were confined in cabins they had "pushed open the cabins and made insulting remarks," so Captain Daniel very properly decided to call for naval assistance.

• • •

"I do not doubt," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that the naughty swear words used by these impolite stowaways were very distressing to the prisoner. But it seems a little unnecessary to summon a cruiser to deal with a case of insulting language.

"Most of us, I think, would have preferred to read of the captain employing tactics less suggestive of the painful reflection that the blue-water school is not what it used to be.

"In calling for the assistance of the King's Navy to quell something of the approximate dimensions of a pub brawl, the prisoner seems to have behaved much as might a nervous old lady who pulled the communication-cord and stopped a train so that the guard might take a desperate wasp into custody.

"The prisoner will doubtless be fully occupied for some time in trying to separate the grains of sympathy from the large quantities of 'chaff' which will come his way.

"So I will not make further inroads upon his time, but will merely direct this Daniel to enter the lions' den by attending the next meeting of the Ancient Mariners' Society and regaling these hard-bitten sea-dogs with a full account of his awfully exciting adventure."

£100 a Week for Life would not be adequate compensation for missing the jokes every week in "The Passing Show." Every Friday, 2d.

Words Winged to Women

A *POIGNANT* PARAGRAPH

by MABEL HORNER

"If the President of the Board of Trade and the Secretary of Mines lived in the village of Coalpit Heath, or a similar district, they would realise how cold-blooded their language sounds."—MR. CHARLES R. GILL (Bristol Miners' Agent)

T was, I think, Elizabeth Barrett Browning who wrote that "the gift without the giver is bare." was reminded of it one day last week, d thought it might apply to those who, en once a Lord Mayor's Fund had been ened and handsomely subscribed to, missed the matter of the miners' ves and families from their minds.

My reminder was a modest little para-ph tucked away in a corner of a daily per, appealing for cast-off boots. "The tress in the mining villages is very eat," it stated simply.

It is. Take the village of Beddau, in morganshire, as typical. There a mmittee composed of local people, luding school-teachers, is struggling help the children.

"Those outside the mining area have ry little idea of the awful poverty at is prevalent in South Wales," clares a young Welsh woman writing me. "I wish your readers could actually the distress here.

"The greatest misery exists in those milies where the father, having ex-usted his unemployment benefit, is ruck off the register, and has to seek lief for his wife and children from the ardians.

Self-sacrificing others

"Within the Pontypridd Poor Law ea such men are not recognised as ing eligible for relief because they are le-bodied.' They have to manage best they can on the 10s. allowed for e wife and 3s. for each child. Of urse, this is given in kind, not money.

"Thus you have the miserable spectacle wives actually selling their own food-kets in order to buy boots or shoes for eir little ones."

It will not require much imagination understand the terrible physical and oral deterioration that this state of airs brings, seeing that it comes on top of a previous very long period of unemployment. Single men struck off the register are recognised by no one as needing any help.

"A friend of mine," says this correspondent, "is a very typical case. He is a widower and has a daughter, aged sixteen, who is stricken with tuberculosis. She receives 4s. a week from the Poor Law, and because of the exceptional circumstances of her condition her father has 10s.

Mabel Horner

"Father and sick daughter must manage on 14s. a week, not because he wishes to be idle, but because he cannot get work. Other most pitiable cases are found among men who are actually employed.

"In Beddau itself pits have reopened recently for the first time since 1926, but only a mere fraction of the out-of-work miners have been taken on. And all of them have accumulated large debts for food and rent.

"Some of them only work two or three shifts a week and the first charge on their wages is rent. When they draw their pay one rent and a half-rent is kept back at the office. Even if full time was worked this would mean years before arrears could be worked off. The result in shortage of life's necessities is tragic.

"To-day I have been distributing clothes and boots, and it is heartbreaking and terrible to see the eagerness with which these articles, already worn out, are received by the poor mothers. Nothing has been received here yet from the Lord Mayor's Fund, though local committees are formed in readiness. It will, of course, be given in kind—that is, food tickets."

The women of the country could, if they set to work, bring hope and cheer in one week to these other stricken women. They could each make a garment and see that every little back was clothed. They could give their help in other ways.

And most of all, they could study the problem, for it is a problem, of the British coal-fields, and be ready to vote intelligently on the question when the time comes.

Useless agitation

It was only the other day that the coal-mines were again discussed in Parliament. From the tone of the President of the Board of Trade and the Minister for Mines it would have been easy to infer that all possible is being done for the mines and that distress among the miners has shrunk to nil.

I have shown the opposite. I have stated facts without emotionalism. I have told the story in black and white, without painting the picture.

I cannot believe that the women of Britain, so enthusiastic when "adoption" of stricken French villages was the fashion, will be less kind to the stricken villages of their own country. We do not want them derelict, nor hosts of their inhabitants tramping to spread poverty and disease elsewhere.

We want the great mining industry set on its feet again and prosperity given to miners where they live. The way to do it has been indicated.

I ask bluntly, How many women who will vote at the next General Election have read one of the reports of the successive Royal Commissions? And what is the good of agitating for "votes" if those who gain them never take the trouble to use them intelligently?

NOT A TAIL

A Distinction *with* a Difference

ONE of the funniest advertisements on the hoardings is a tailless, grinning Manx cat, boosting e charms of the Isle of Man as a holiday sort. The trick of the cat is the pun. What the artist points out is the inbitable fact that the detailed enjoyents to be found in the island are real. ey are not a mere tale.

It is amusing to find that Doubting homases exist even when it is a question holiday-making.

Looking through the files of correondence relating to the JOHN BULL ee Insurance Scheme, it is astonishing w often the phrase occurs, "I have been le to astonish the neighbours with ur cheque, for they never would lieve these free insurance schemes were al."

Widow's godsend

The proof of the pudding is in the ting, which is why JOHN BULL prefers make quotations from readers' own ters rather than "crack up" the Free surance Scheme.

"Just a line in acknowledgment of ceipt of your cheque," writes Mr. F. R. undy, of 21, Lewis Street, Nottingham, "which my mother received as benefit on account of her accident.

"It has proved a godsend, as she is a widow who has to work for her living, and she blesses the day she became a registered reader.

"My wife and I have been registered for years, and it is very pleasant to be able to convince the sceptics that JOHN BULL, the valiant fighter for justice and truth, *does what it says*, not says *what it is going to do*."

Mr. R. B. Strong, of Mill Cottage, North Lew, Beaworthy, suffered severe loss by fire. Utter despair might have seized the family but for the fact that its head is a registered reader. He received a very substantial cheque which, funnily enough, positively astonished his neighbours.

"It has," he writes, "been a positive eye-opener for the villagers. With the canny caution of countrymen they suspected a catch somewhere. Now your cheque has convinced them of its genuine-ness, and Mr. Shobbrook, my newsagent, is busy answering enquiries."

Mr. W. J. Hall, of 33, Leigh Street, Burslem, hurt his arm, and in thanking JOHN BULL for the cheque sent, appreciates quite as much the sympathy and good wishes for recovery that accompanied it.

The touch that tells

"It has," he says, "been a gift to me which I shall remember as long as I live. My neighbours seemed to think that these free insurance schemes are not genuine, but I can assure you all are now convinced.

"It is nice to be a reader of a paper taking such personal interest in its readers."

Mr. Hall in his last remark strikes the note to which the whole policy of JOHN BULL is attuned—personal interest and personal consideration and, in whatever direction possible, personal help to every reader who requires it.

To join the great JOHN BULL family it is only necessary to sign the registration form inside every copy and hand it to your newsagent. Don't be a Doubting Thomas. Do it!

Going Away? Let "Bullets" Pay!—Fifty big Holiday Prizes await you on page 35. Cheques will be posted on Tuesday, July 31st

Fruit Drinks for your Health

KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH OR ORANGE SQUASH

MADE from fresh fruit and sugar, the good qualities of Kia-Ora are obvious.

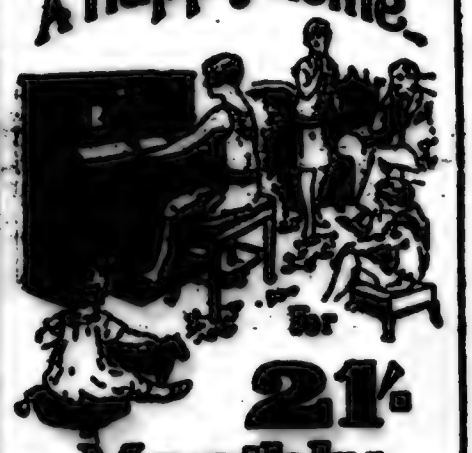
If you want the best always say "Kia-Ora Orange" or "Kia-Ora Lemon" and so obtain orange or Lemon Squash, composed of the actual juice of the finest Spanish Oranges or Messina Lemons.

Sold world-wide—by the glass at Cafes, Hotels—in Bottles at Grocers, Spirit Merchants and Chemists at 2s. and 1s. 1d. per bottle (Crush 2s. per decanter—Grape Fruit 2s. 4d.)

24/30 glasses to the bottle.

Kia-Ora Ltd., Blackfriars, London, S.E.1
Australia and U.S.A.

A Happy Home—



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Great New Discovery

Mrs. Teale.

Suffered for 28 Years! Cured in 4 Months!

"I am more than grateful for the benefit I have received from Elasto Treatment, as I have suffered for 28 years with Varicose Veins and Varicose Ulcers. I only wish that thousands of other sufferers would realise, as I have done, how wonderful Elasto is. I was in bed, a hopeless case, when I got my first month's treatment, and can honestly say I was going about three days after, much to everybody's surprise . . .

"I owe my life to Elasto. I am now, after four months' treatment, as well and as happy as the day is long. You can use both my photo and my name as publicly as you please, as it is the only way I can show my gratitude for the wonderful cure."—(Signed) Mrs. Teale, 9, Croydon Terrace, Holbeck, Leeds.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving general health and increasing vitality.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured, *naturally* and *permanently*, by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost.

Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws for health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.*

Elasto also cures piles, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials.

Write for these to-day—NOW! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay. THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15.V), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD.

Human Documents

The PRICE *of* DECEPTION

A Trick of Nature—Wastrel Father—Can He Forgive?

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"WHEN sixteen years of age I met a youth two years my senior. We were both romantic and believed ourselves to be wholeheartedly in love.

"He, with aspirations to becoming a poet, thought he beheld in myself the inspiration of effusions which were to take the world by storm. I, flattered and hopelessly overwhelmed by his ardour, consented to a secret marriage six months after our first meeting.

"My lover was a clerk in a warehouse. His salary was 30s. a week, and quite naturally our parents were opposed to matrimony.

"One day he came to me saying that he had made enquiries and that it would be possible for our marriage to take place within a few weeks, but that for the time we should each have to reside with our respective parents until he could provide me with a home.

"The marriage took place at a register office, we each giving our respective ages as twenty-one.

"As the months passed I knew myself for an expectant mother and confiding my fear to my husband, he made arrangements for me to stay with a distant relative whom he took into his confidence.

"My daughter was born and this woman undertook to bring her up while I returned to my parents' roof.

"AT this time the war broke out. My husband was called up, and I was still afraid to confess my marriage to my parents. My mother died while my father was in Egypt, and later my husband was reported missing.

"Believing myself to be a widow, I met and married my present husband, still maintaining silence concerning my first marriage.

"We have been ideally happy and have two dear children, but my life has been overshadowed for some long time and I dare not tell my husband the truth. My first husband is still alive and married to another woman!

"That is not the worst. My father has recently announced his intention of remarrying, and I have to my horror discovered that his bride-to-be is my own daughter whom he had met at a dance in the village in which she was born.

"What on earth can I do? To reveal the truth will disclose my early marriage and probably part me from my husband."

"HUMANIST" says: *A more devastating state of affairs it would, indeed, be hard to find. The marriage, which would be an incestuous one, must be prevented at all costs. Tell your father the truth and confess the facts of your first union to your "husband." If you had reason to believe your first husband was killed, the court would acquit you of a deliberate intent to commit bigamy, but I think a lawyer should be consulted with the view of dissolving the first marriage so that the present one may be legalised.*

. . .

"THREE years ago my daughter married a man who is all one could wish as a husband and a man, but his inexperience of life robs him of tolerance for the frailties of the human element, and for this reason I am afraid for my daughter's happiness, which seems to hang in the balance.

Husband's Shock

"My daughter has just given birth to a son, but instead of the joy it should bring, the lives of husband and wife are threatened with disaster, for the child, although not entirely dark-skinned, bears all other outward characteristics of an Indian.

"The explanation is simple. My great-grandmother was a Burmese, but with the innate shrinking against proclaiming any association with the tar-brush, I have hugged the secret to my breast.

"When this daughter, my only child, was born, I fervently thanked God for the fact that except for her dark olive complexion, she was her father's child and with his sea-blue eyes, but her child is a throw-back to our coloured ancestry. The obvious solution would be to tell my daughter and her husband the truth.

"I have done so, but my son-in-law disbelieves the explanation and imagines I have invented the story to save my daughter's shame. He declares he will cast her off and has already told her she may go to the father of her child.

"My poor girl's sanity is threatened and I am distracted. If you can show me how I may convince my son-in-law and thus avert a tragedy, you will earn my lifelong gratitude."

"HUMANIST" says: *The young man's attitude towards the facts is justifiable, and you must realise that the shock of his wife bearing him a coloured child has been sufficient to upset his powers of reasoning. In the absence of any family record to support your story, get a medical man to explain this strange phenomenon of Nature.*

. . .

"MY father, who, after living on his two younger sons for a period of four years, and at the same time leading our mother a life of misery, has declared his intention of claiming the home and all it contains, since my mother died intestate, simply because I, the only daughter, refuse to submit to the treatment meted out to my poor mother.

No Will, but a Way

"The elder brothers, who live away from home, are content to leave the fight to we younger ones, one of whom entertains hopes of ultimately becoming the possessor of the house.

"Most of the furniture belonged to mother, as father had not done a stroke of work for over twenty years. Even when in employment, mother's financial gain was scarcely worth the mention, but she was always too terrified to adopt my suggestion of separating from him.

"It seems very hard that my younger brothers, who have had to sacrifice everything to keep the home going without help from the other brothers, should lose all now.

"Will you please advise what can be done to rid ourselves of a father who has hitherto shirked all responsibilities of parenthood?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is most unfortunate that your mother omitted to make a will, as her intestacy places your father in legal possession of her estate. But as your father cannot maintain a home without means, why not make it clear that you and your brothers will discontinue any support unless he mends his ways?*

. . .

Are you cutting out the John "Bull" Pen Coupons every week? By so doing you can pocket a shilling and get a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! See page 34

"MY wife and I were in the service of a gentleman, who with his wife and daughter resided in a small country house. Our duties were those of cook and butler respectively. I left this man's service upon making the discovery that he had dishonoured my wife, and the child to which my wife ultimately gave birth was the result of the immoral relationship.

Forgive or Avenge

"I have always loved my wife, and my life without her now seems one long nightmare.

"I would willingly have forgiven her for she told me the scoundrel harassed her for twelve months before she finally gave in to his demands, but I was opposed to the idea of his going scot-free while I struggled to maintain his child.

"My divorce petition was filed last February, but the co-respondent seems to be delaying matters. My solicitors seem unable to expedite matters and say it may come on in November. Is it possible to hasten the case?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I gather that the delay is due to your case having to take its turn on the list. If there is really mutual love between you and your wife, why not forgive her and put all thoughts of revenge outside the range of your calculations. Are your heart and mind big enough to do this? Think it over!*

. . .

Wanted, a Father

"Last April I became engaged to a girl of whom I knew very little. But after our engagement I arrived at the conclusion that we were temperamentally unsuited, and suggested that we should part. Now I learn she is to become a mother to a cad whom she cannot trace. Should I marry her to save her name or abandon her to her wretched fate?"

"Humanist" says: *I do not see that you are called upon to marry the girl simply because she is in a sad predicament. She has proved unfaithful in courtship and may do so in marriage.*

Harassed Motherhood

"I am the mother of seven children. My eldest daughter is in trouble and the man responsible refuses to acknowledge his obligations. That is not the worst, for she has now come home and is causing mischief between my husband and myself. Please suggest something."

"Humanist" says: *Probably your husband feels you are not giving your daughter quite the sympathy her trouble calls for. Have a quiet chat with him and try to compose your differences. On your daughter's behalf write to the organisation to which I am referring you by post.*

Parental Domination

"Although I have been married over twenty years, my husband's people have insisted upon his spending all holidays with them while I remained at home with the children. Our children are now grown up and my husband and I had planned a happy holiday together, but his father now announces his intention of joining us. I want to know who has the prior claim, wife or parent?"

"Humanist" says: *Certainly the wife has. I think you have been surprisingly tolerant all these years. The old fellow is selfish and you should tell him that twenty years is over long to wait in order to enjoy your husband's company!*

This *flavour* is too good to be missed!

Post Toasties—the most delightful breakfast in the world! It's the unique, delicate deliciousness of the *flavour* of these double-crisp Indian corn flakes which has made them a favourite breakfast dish in millions of homes throughout the world to-day. You will like them. So will the kiddies. Ask for Post Toasties by *name* and get the big red and yellow wax-wrapped packet.

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Double Crisp INDIAN CORN FLAKES

Post Toasties are one of the Post Health Products which include Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post's Bran Flakes

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You get the best of both in "Skippers," those dainty little fish from the land of the Midnight Sun. "Skippers" are a true sunfood, full of sunshine vitamins that bring good health and enjoyment.
"Skippers"
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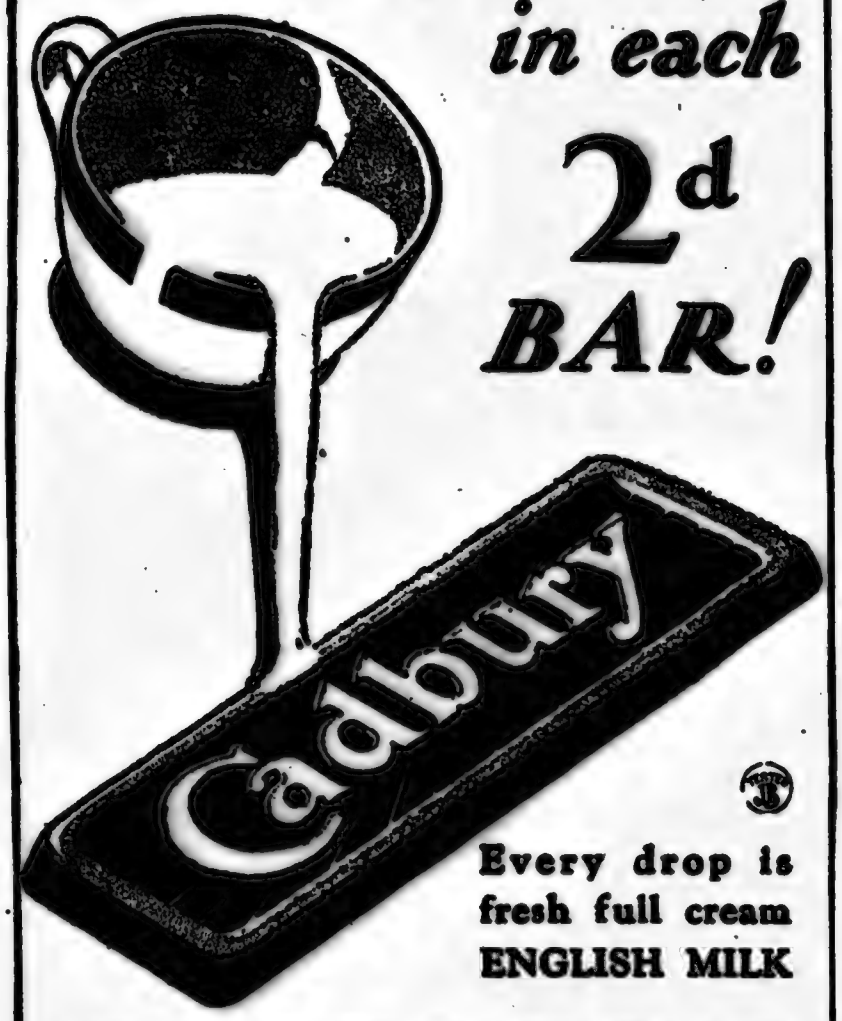
Half a cup of milk in each 2d *BAR!*



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You feel so fine when you step out of the train and think of a whole fortnight's enjoyment before you.

And then, perhaps, the next day, and the day after, you are surprised. Somehow you don't feel quite as fit and full of spirits—just a trifle headachy, sluggish.

Don't take any chances with that precious holiday you've planned and saved for. Take a box of Feen-a-mint with you. You see, the stronger air often makes people constipated at first, and you can't be fit then. So chew one of these pleasant tablets your first few nights—and insure your holiday happiness. Get a box from your chemist to-day or from the manufacturers, 1/3d. post free.

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Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries. The warm smoke vapour is inhaled into the affected air passages, and will go to where sprays, douches, and salves cannot reach. They contain no tobacco or cubebs, and, being harmless, are used by women and children as well as men.

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FREE Should you like to try a sample of the Remedy, a package containing four cigarettes will be sent to you quite free, if you will send your request to—Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 S.C.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London E.C.4.

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Our Letter Parliament

BRIDGE *the* GULF!

Coalfields Tyranny—Heartless Sacking—Coquetting with Militarism

MR. A. G. GARDINER'S article, "Nimrod Hunts a Flea" (JOHN BULL, June 23), protesting against the "scaremongery" of "Jix," was timely. Too much damage has been done to the nation's interests already through Government officers exaggerating incidents which were common enough prior to the Soviet control of Russia. What is wanted is something to bridge the gulf which exists between this country and Russia, and so restore the prosperity and well-being of both nations.—*J. J., Barry.*

The Flea Bites

The following is one instance of what the Home Secretary's "Red" obsession is leading to. A friend in the heavy woollen district writes that in one large mill notices have been posted warning the workpeople against making any arrangements for seaside holidays, "as this probably will be the worst year we have ever experienced and much short time is inevitable." This is a prominent firm that hitherto has escaped the tidal wave of trade depression. Nimrod hunts the flea! But, once again, it is the poor old working-man who is being "bitten."—*C. S., Sheffield.*

Welcome Ban

Mr. A. G. Gardiner says "Jix" and the Rothermere Press are the Soviet's best friends. I quite agree. I also maintain that some of our local councils are the Communists' friends. Quite recently our Parks Committee banned the Communists from holding meetings in the park. The result was they took a pitch immediately outside, making capital out of the fact of being refused and benefiting financially and otherwise. Had they been granted permission no notice of them would have been taken.—*G. O., Perth.*

Mote and Beam

If it is wrong for Communists in Russia to send their money here in order to convert our workers to their mode of thinking, was it right or just for Mr. Churchill to send without any mandate from the people thousands of British soldiers into Russia in order to compel them to form a Government suitable to British (or his) ideas? The Communists have unwisely sent £28,000. Where was the wisdom on the part of Mr. Churchill to spend or squander three times £28,000,000, together with the loss of valuable human life?—*G. P. W., Wolstanton.*

Red Herrings

There is a class of politician and newspaper which seems very anxious to investigate and restrict the source of income of the Communist and Labour Parties, but is hotly indignant if any doubt is raised about the source of its own political funds or a query raised when honours and titles are bestowed "for services rendered." Let us be fair to all and use common-sense, for even a poor cause will thrive on persecution and martyrdom.—*D. A., Cheshire.*

Losing Game

Soviet orders placed in this country declined from over £5,000,000 in 1926 to £1,135,944 in 1927. Meanwhile, German firms are straining every nerve to capture the Russian market, and, granting unhesitatingly the required long credits, are reaping a rich harvest. The German Government welcomed the Soviet experts who recently set out to place huge orders for machinery; our Home Office grudgingly permitted them to remain here ten days.—*Economist, Durham.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Orders Wanted

Writing as an unemployed engineer, I am more concerned about employers getting orders and finding work than bothering about "Bolshies." There is more to be feared by the Government from the discontented unemployed than from Soviet Russia. Let politicians keep their hands off industry, and leave it to the employers and employees.—*W. G., Wigan.*

Let's Get Busy!

The fact that imports of petrol from Russia were up for May, as compared with May, 1927, by more than five million gallons, seems to show that Press agitation fails against the pull at the pocket. If this means reciprocal trade with Russia, surely we benefit doubly. To find our own people work we must export more of our manufactures, and a busy England would make a laugh of Communism.—*A., Birmingham.*

Would They Do It?

There is one aspect of capital punishment which deserves serious consideration. As a juryman I can testify to the nerve-racking strain of a murder trial. What, then, must be the effect on warders and officials who have to carry out the ghastly business of killing a fellow-creature? If those who support capital punishment were compelled to carry it out, their opinion would quickly reverse.—*G. A. B., Battersea.*

Well Done, Quakers!

May I point out that Mr. E. Roffe Thompson (JOHN BULL, June 23) errs in asserting "You never find the Church raising its voice against the retention of hanging in our judicial machine"? Since the hanging of Mrs. Thompson, the Society of Friends has organised two campaigns against the death penalty, and has for more than 100 years consistently condemned the extreme penalty. Two private Bills were introduced into Parliament as a result, but both were thrown out.—*M. B. F., Sunderland.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"LEINSTER LEADER":—John —— was summoned for failing to send his child Thos. —— AGED 76 YEARS, TO SCHOOL."

"DUNDEE COURIER":—"During the first three months of the year the police had received a large number of COMPLAINTS FROM TRAMWAY CARS."

"OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE":—"£5 a week chance. Patent FIRE LIGHTING MANGLE as new, £2 10s.

"BIRMINGHAM POST" (Review):—"Books for the Young. BRADSHAW'S RAILWAY GUIDE, May 1928, 2s. Bradshaw."

"GLOUCESTER JOURNAL":—"Football Records. Gloucester A. Played 27—WON 29, LOST 5, DRAWN 2."

"WILTSHIRE TIMES":—"The bridesmaids wore beige hats TRIMMED WITH BLUE SHOES AND STOCKINGS TO MATCH."

"MESSRS. J. G. GRAVES (Sheffield) CATALOGUE":—"The barrel-shaped sleeves are pin-tucked AND TIE AT THE WAIST."

Real Tyranny

It cannot be too widely known that intimidation in the coalfields is very rife, particularly in the North Midlands. At a local colliery recently a number of miners were dismissed because they would not join the "Spencer Union" and now the companies concerned have got ejectment orders to turn the men our of their homes.—*Miner, Mansfield.*

Crumbling Cottages

In this village there are a number of cottages literally falling to pieces. They all belong to an eccentric family, who decline to let them at all or else demand a fabulous rent. The result is that the cottages are becoming more and more dilapidated, while in neighbouring districts people are living in overcrowded squalor. In cases of this kind the local authority should be given power to levy rates at a fair assessment.—*L. V., Windsor.*

Kicked Out!

I have read with interest your article, "A Mean and Scurvy Trick" (JOHN BULL, June 23). I am one of the unfortunates under notice of dismissal. My last day in the Civil Service is June 27, after eight years and eleven months' service. This is what I get after serving the country for nearly thirty years.—*R. I., Brixton.*

Waste Profit

Acting on the suggestion of a correspondent in "Letter Parliament," I have, in association with a troop of Boy Scouts, put to the test the feasibility of helping our hospitals by appealing to householders for waste materials that would otherwise find sanctuary in the dustbin. The result was wonderful. I have not space to give details, but I hold a receipt for £5 as a result.—"*B. P.*," *Northumberland.*

Service for Bombers

On a recent Sunday morning the B.B.C. broadcast a military service from York Cathedral, during which the Archbishop of York asked for a special blessing on the assembled troops. It seems a far cry from the Gospel of the Carpenter of Nazareth to the coquetting of the Church with militarism and all it stands for. Why not hold a service for poison-gas and bomb manufacturers? They probably stand more in need of it than the humble Tommy.—*F. H., Swansea.*

The Link

I live but a stone's-throw away from England, as it were, but it is amazing how easily one can lose touch with the Motherland as soon as one quits her shores. To avoid that I take in JOHN BULL, as sound a paper as its reputation is solid, and I get for the one and a half francs I spend on it a review of all the "things that matter" at home, and what Britain is thinking and doing. I need hardly say that I get my money's worth—and then some!—*G. E. M., Paris.*

Protection Needed

With the registered unemployed still over the million mark it seems that safeguarding is not such a marvellous thing as the Government is wont to boast. I am employed in a wholesale hardware warehouse, and, since the passing of the 25 per cent. duty on enamel ware, my firm's prices are being raised accordingly, although they are still selling old stock exempt from duty. Also the English manufacturers from whom we purchase some of our goods have intimated that their price-list is being "revised." What this country needs is "protection" from "safeguarding."—*R. A., Parkhead.*

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LATER RACING *AT LAST!*

"Ally Pally" Leads the Way—The Three o'clock Start—Maudlin for the Cup—Grandflight a Danger—An Eclipse Worth Having

ONE of my readers has reminded me of a note I wrote just over twelve months ago, pointing out that the Daylight Saving Bill had made evening racing possible and suggesting Midsummer Night meetings at Alexandra Park and the other popular London tracks. "Perhaps," I added, "some bright London executive will set the ball rolling."

OPPOSITION was raised at the time by owners and trainers that they could not get their horses away from the meetings, but there is no reason why the animals should not be housed until the following morning.

ANYWAY, the first of the bright London executives presides over the popular soup-plate track, Alexandra Park, which has taken a step in the right direction with a three o'clock start. Kempton has followed the lead, and its first August meeting will give the experiment a try-out.

THEIR initiative deserves to meet with success, and I think it will. A fixture from five o'clock to 7.30 (six races), based on the huge crowds which attend the greyhound meetings nightly, may lead to half the male citizens of our great city being called away hastily to visit sick relations. I hope I shall not be blamed. The stunt is worth a trial.

THERE will be six events at "A.P." on Saturday, instead of the usual seven, and the London Cup is timed for four o'clock. My Northern Correspondent tells me that Melton Vasey is sending Grandflight from Doncaster for the big event. If the five-year-old makes the long journey, the pointer is obvious. The son of Grand Parade has done nothing since winning the Liverpool Cup in March, but he had some useful handicappers behind him on that occasion.

Walter C. Earl

GRANDFLIGHT will be a danger to the best, but I am going to take a chance with Maudlin, who is now in Walter Earl's successful stable. I coded the five-year-old when he won the Twickenham Hurdle at Sandown Park at 100 to 8. Since then he has failed with 9 st. 3 lbs. on his back, but he appears to me to be thrown in the Cup with 7 st. 13 lbs.

MY other selection for the meeting is Gordon Richards. The champion jockey excels on the circular track and has had no equal since the days when Frank Wootton used to bring them home alone. Punters with good memories will recollect that at the corresponding meeting last year Richards won the Cup on Halalie, and also scored on Yellow Underwing, Discourse Colt and Watchful. On a level stake his mounts showed a profit of seventeen points. He has won four races at Ally Pally on two or three occasions.

I SHALL leave the meeting at Newmarket to the code. Most of the best horses have more than one engagement, and it is like searching a haystack for a needle to find the probable runners. At Worcester I suggest for Thursday Miss Avarice and Evesham. On Friday, Orbina should be backed.

BAYTOWN,

4 to 1, was "Silver Ring's" Code selection for the

IRISH DERBY.

Recent winning selections are as follows —

Saturday	**MARA, 6 to 4.**
Monday	**No code**
Tuesday	**FIERY MAID, 3 to 1.**
Wednesday	**BAYTOWN, 4 to 1.**
Thursday	**SLEEPY LAD, 4 to 6.**
Friday	**SYNTONY, 7 to 2**

Three non-runners and two losers

FAIRWAY will endeavour to atone for his inglorious display at Epsom in the "Eclipse," the tit-bit of July and the prize of the year. The race is worth just on £13,000. I shall probably stand by Lord Derby's champion once more, as I am convinced that something went wrong with the works at Epsom. My Newmarket Correspondent tells me that the son of Phalaris was sent to Ascot to become more attuned to racecourse surroundings, and that there was no intention of giving him a race, as suggested in one or two quarters.

FLAMINGO'S display in the Grand Prix was pretty much the same as Fairway's in the Derby. Both failures were probably due to temperament. The French race was run over an hour late and Elliott was in the saddle waiting the whole time. One of the excuses given for the delay was that the Tote could not absorb the bets.

ONE of my friends who backed Cri De Guerre waited twenty minutes in a queue for his winnings and he does not think that punters over here will take kindly to the machine. They certainly won't if races are five or ten minutes behind time, and I can picture the disorganisation in starting price offices. Flamingo's price, by the way, which I have not seen in the English Press, was 17 to 10, nett, against.

YELLOW UNDERWING was a money-spinner for code followers last season—in fact, a standing dish on Saturdays to make sure of the Sunday joint—and now that Vic Smyth has got him going once more he should continue to pick up "sellers." The seven-year-old has been a source of trouble to his owner-trainer, but he has been patched up by the application of iodine charges to his hocks.

"SEEKER" wants to know the shortest odds at which Pretty Polly and Mumtaz Mahal ever started. According to my books of reference, Pretty Polly never touched more than 100 to 6 on. "Mumty," the flying grey, only ran in ten races and was odds against once in the ten events. Her longest odds-on price was at Goodwood, when she beat Karoo. The bookmakers demanded 40 to 1.

ONE of the mysteries of racing is the source of much of the bunkum that is fobbed off on the public here about French racing. Up to the day of the Gold Cup mysterious tips were in circulation for a horse called Take Off, and wiseacres put into print their conviction that this one was a rod in pickle for the big-race. There is no such horse in training at the present time.

THE failure of Flamingo in the Grand Prix has encouraged the French stables to contemplate a raid on the St. Leger at Doncaster, and it can be taken that one or more invaders will be in that race. My French Correspondent will advise me in due course when decisions have been taken and will discuss the merits of the invaders.

EASTER HERO and The Shah III. are staying in France to run over obstacles, as will Forseti. There is no truth in the story that Dark Lantern II. has been sold to a French stable. He stays in England and should never be missed. He would have been worth his weight in gold if he had won the Hunt Cup with 8 st. 6 lbs., as allotted by the handicapper, but on top of this he put up 5 lbs. extra in order that his usual pilot, W. Balding, could ride. In my opinion, Dark Lantern is as good as Epinard.

TO put it forcibly, the Turf prophets in *The Sporting Life* are bang in form, particularly "Augur." I made a note of some of his winners last week and backers who are following his selections on a level stake must be shaking hands with themselves. Over three days he had Nestorian, 100 to 9; Acrobatic, 10 to 1; Orphean, 10 to 1; Hot Spring, 4 to 1; Helter Skelter, 7 to 4; Sonnell, evens; Sleepy Lad, 4 to 6. It wants a bit of beating.

"AUGUR" was almost alone in going for Nestorian, which created a great surprise when upsetting the odds laid on Desert Song. The three-year-old was bred in the Land of Dollars and was making his first appearance on a racecourse.

GEORGE BLACKWELL, who is, I believe, our only trainer to win the Derby and the Grand National—he won the big 'chase a few years ago for Mr. "Boy" Sanford with Sergeant Murphy—bought Nestorian from the American owner for a paltry twenty-five sovereigns. I do not know what value he places on the three-year-old, but he would not part with him after his runaway victory. A well-known trainer of jumpers wanted the colt.

"WARREN HILL," the Newmarket Correspondent of *The Life*, and "The Man on the Spot" are also hitting the mark. At Brighton, Warren Hill went for French Kiss and Orphean—both 10 to 1 winners—and on the same day he had Mail Fist and Lethe at the Newcastle meeting. He sends out the best from Newmarket and does not give a selection for every race. He should be worth following at head-quarters this week.

"SILVER RING"

Two coded selections will be given *daily in The Sporting Life.*

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A C Q L G W V 3 P S R D N I

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. IHQVNKC would read BAYTOWN.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, July 4, to Tuesday, July 10.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" coded tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life* West *Edition.* Don't miss them.

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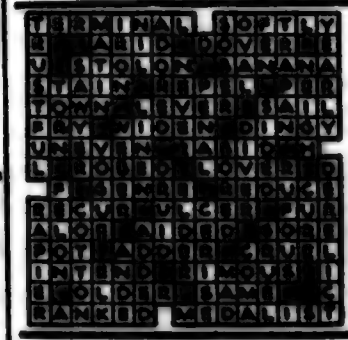

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 34.

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JOHN BULL Replies

WHY be so miserable? True it is difficult to be merry and bright with some worry always on the mind, but why nurse it? Get rid of it, and learn how to do so by sending particulars (written in ink), with stamped, addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service. Its experts are the worst enemies of worry and trouble to be found anywhere. Try them!

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never vicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

• • •

W. B. (Burnley).—"You may think I am an absolute fool." It is nice to have your permission.

Mrs. R. (Thirsk).—"I sat on a basket of eggs." Accident or broody?

N. N. (Catliffe).—"Every farthing I paid was honestly earned." By whom?

G. T. (Ely).—"I write a letter like this in five minutes and think nothing of it." We agree with your opinion of it.

P. L. (Perth).—"Are rats' skins any good?" The rats find them useful to keep out the wet.

ELSIE (Colchester).—"I always go to bed before ten." That's rather a large audience.

T. R. (Hove).—"Why do some men smoke from morn till night?" Because they are asleep the rest of the time.

T. F. (Frome).—"Our milkman's daughter always dresses in silk?" Watered silk?

G. E. (Horton).—"I wrote you once before." We know. We know. And now you have again. It's too bad.

T. R. (Huddersfield).—"He is very polished." Do you mean clever or bald—or both?

A. C. (Marlow).—"She left me and is now keeping company with a sailor." Jack and Jill!

G. N. (Ealing).—"He looks down on people." That doesn't necessarily mean he's above them.

S. L. (Widnes).—"Money makes the mare go." It didn't make one go fast enough when we backed it last week.

M. C. (Willesden).—"It is men who create feminine fashions." Yes, the awards!

N. P. (Glasgow).—"I got a stiff neck working in the draughty office." Are you sure it wasn't caused by twisting round to watch the clock?

D. S. (Kew).—"He received the inspiration for his picture in a dream." We've seen pictures that must have been due to nightmares.

L. B. (Hackney).—"Slate club secretaries are already being appointed." We understand there is a strong preference for those suffering from rheumatism.

L. B. (Liverpool).—"Will you hear the result of producing my new play?" No. But we offer our hearty congratulations on your magnificent nerve.

A. T. (London, N.).—"The Food Council has been demanding stronger powers." The rather fantastic theory is that some members are of the opinion that it is time something besides the housewife was done.

N. C. (Epsom).—"Film stars marry young." And early and often.

KATE (Guisbro.).—"Nighty, nighty!" Pyjama, pyjama!

F. L. (Southsea).—"I gave the poor man a gramophone." Poor man!

H. P. (Liverpool).—"It is bad to eat too long." But worse to long to eat.

A. C. (Ashford).—"I prophesy a fine summer." Can't you tell us the actual day?

GOLFER (Hutton).—"The caddie used very bad language." Sure it wasn't an echo?

S. S. (Cockermouth).—"Would you rather give me, or lend me, a fiver?" Same thing.

C. T. B. (High Wycombe).—"Teeth are a man's best friends." Alas, the best of friends fall out!

G. R. (Bristol).—"I want her for my wife." But do you think your wife will take to her?

H. E. H. (Doncaster).—"I can read your mind." Then why will you keep on writing?

C. L. (Blackburn).—"This letter is without prejudice." Yes, and it was without a stamp, too.

T. G. (Lincoln).—"I need time for the writing of my poems." You deserve it.

P. R. (Shoreditch).—"I know what I know." Perhaps time will extend your knowledge.

G. N. (Woolwich).—"How do you pronounce Czecho-Slovakia?" Czecho-Slovakia.

C. F. (Camden Town).—"What does the monument stand for?" Because it would look silly lying on its back.

M. I. (Wimbledon).—"The paper said he ran 100 yds. in 8 secs." Obviously a sprinter's error.

N. B. (Mortlake).—"I believe in making hay while the sun shines." From the grass that other people let grow under their feet?

F. M. (Dover).—"He says he doesn't drink, smoke, gamble, stay out late or lose his temper." What a pity he prevaricates!

A. N. (Jarrow).—"Worry doesn't lead to anything." Oh, yes it does. It leads to an early appointment with the undertaker.

S. Y. (Berwick).—"Beer made Britain what she is to-day." The most cogent argument for Prohibition we have yet heard!

A. M. (Kendal).—"I am thinking of buying a typewriter. How much will it cost?" Thinking costs nothing.

"PLAYGOER" (Clapham).—"It is depressing to notice the large number of new theatrical ventures that don't come off." And the equally large number that do!

F. N. S. (Clerkenwell).—"The public is understanding and appreciating the telephone better now." But it still has to be explained why wrong numbers are never engaged.

D. H. (Camberwell).—"If I moved to one of the outer suburbs, as my doctor suggests, it would cost me more to journey to business every day." Yes; you would find it a case of go further and fare worse.

S. B. (Bury).—"You write beautiful English." Not 'arf!

Mrs. L. (Norwich).—"My husband is very good." What at?

F. O. (Worcester).—"Art is long." And artists short!

C. S. (Malton).—"You're a boob." You're the same spelt backwards.

W. N. (Aintree).—"Women are to enter the ring as bookmakers." Well, what's the odds?

E. C. (Victoria).—"I believe in music at meal times." Yes, but it's distressing to hear people yodelling their soup.

L. B. (Swanage).—"As far as I am concerned, distance is no object." All right. Go there!

W. E. (New Cross).—"I always choose the lesser of two evils." The foolish choose both and the wise neither.

A. V. (Cowes).—"My wife said she would write to you." She did! Now we can thoroughly sympathise with you.

A. A. (London W.).—"I entered the tea-shop, rang the bell and——." Then rang the bell again.

T. T. (Silsden).—"If I met you and struck you should I be the 'aggressor'?" No, you would be an idiot.

"ANTI-SUFFRAGIST" (Ilkley).—"What can a lot of youngsters do that their elders can't do better?" Grow.

Mrs. R. (Sudbury).—"I've lived beside her a year and still don't know her to talk to." Only about?

J. W. (Harringay).—"It's a mere accident to be born a gentleman." But a considerable achievement to die one.

P. P. (Bradford).—"Is it unlucky to postpone a wedding?" Not if you keep doing it consistently.

Miss J. (Felkirk).—"None of my friends think I look twenty-eight." Don't worry, they probably know you did once.

G. D. (Eastville).—"I can see what's under my nose." Then why don't you have it off?

A. T. (Kendal).—"My enthusiasm for sport knows no bounds." Just like a kangaroo with lumbago!

J. H. (Clapton).—"I've tried everything, but I can't get well." Try *Bullets* and get wealthy. Perhaps you need a week at the seaside.

H. J. (Maidenhead).—"Why are there so many theatrical failures in London?" Fine weather, summer time, bad plays and bad plays.

B. D. (Newport).—"Where is it possible to get an egg to eat without a potential chicken in it?" From a duck's nest, old thing.

Mrs. L. (Keswick).—"We're all here to-day and gone to-morrow like flowers." Which makes it advisable to show up as beautifully as possible to-day.

T. B. E. (Ripon).—"After I had fought off one bear and shot the other what do you think happened?" You fell out of bed and woke up?

L. L. (Holborn).—"The point is, Have I, or have I not, brains?" Well, if they were dynamite we don't think they would blow your hat off.

N. A. (Loughborough).—"If you lost your valuables should you call a policeman?" We should. We should call him everything we could think of.

F. S. A. (Chester).—"I consider—" Our complaint is that you don't.

R. T. (Bath).—"My son has no push." Then he's likely to get it soon.

H. M. (Sale).—"A fool and his money are soon parted." Who got yours?

C. R. S. (Swansea).—"Husbands should never deceive a wife." They seldom do.

E. L. A. (Brixton).—"The actor swore at the producer." Then he acted very badly.

S. T. (Acton).—"He is for ever gazing into the mirror." Evidently he can see a joke!

T. K. (Dover).—"I can make my wife do anything." Anything she wants to, don't you mean?

W. B. (Halifax).—"I find it impossible to grow anything in my garden." Can't you even grow older in it?

M. M. W. (Wembley).—"Do you know Gracie Fields?" We didn't. But we were aware that Rhodes bowls.

CORA (Brighton).—"She went up in an aeroplane and fell in love with the pilot." Love at first flight, so to speak.

POLLY (Liskeard).—"When should a girl let a man call her by her first name?" When she's sure he wants to call her by his last one.

"AMBITIOUS 20" (Chiswick).—"I made my first real money at ten by sweeping a room without raising a dust." We made ours even earlier by taking medicine without kicking up a fuss.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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When you find yourself getting nervy and irritable, when both work and play get too much for you, you should beware of neurasthenia. Pitiful is the cry that comes from victims of this complaint, which arises out of the competition and striving of the age.

Seldom do two sufferers experience exactly the same symptoms, but all more or less endure a feeling of misery night and day, lack of appetite, morbid thoughts, exhaustion after slight exertion, aching limbs, indigestion, headaches and insomnia.

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If you are threatened with neurasthenia, begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

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"I tried first one thing, then another, and had a doctor, but only Bile Beans could touch my liver as well as my bowels. They were gentle and thorough, soothing and purifying. Day by day my health improved. Thanks to Bile Beans the headaches are all gone. I again eat heartily and never felt in better health."

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"The Greatest of These . . ."

The *Coming* Baby

HELP ITS BOAT ACROSS

"I HAVE to provide clothes and other things for the baby that is coming."

This is a quotation from an applicant's letter to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, and it is one we are very familiar with.

Into what sort of a home is this particular baby coming?

It is a sad home, for death visited it a few weeks ago, calling away the youngest daughter, who had been very poorly.

This is not surprising, for the applicant writes: "At that time I was in one room, with five of us to eat and sleep in, size 9 ft. by 12 ft."

Later, they got an offer of a better room, and had to pay 12s. 6d. to get their few possessions moved.

Then the little girl's life was given up, and everything was pawned, including the wife's wedding-ring, to give her all they possibly could.

But she died, and her father says: "I had to get the bedclothes out of the pawnshop to make the bed tidy, while the child lay waiting to be buried, as we have only one room.

She had only been insured for seventeen weeks, so that half benefit was all they got. The household into which the baby is arriving is, therefore, in debt.

It will find a sister of nine years old and a brother of six. It will also find its mother weak for want of sustaining food, and worried with one thing and another, which will not be beneficial to its own health.

The babe will discover that its father is a discharged soldier, with a leg off above the knee, and wounded through the right arm. The total weekly income of the family into which it is coming is the father's pension of 32s.

The baby will no doubt find much love. What it is to receive of bodily comfort depends on our readers.

The Persians say: "Help your brother's boat across and yours gets over, too."

This, and many other infants' boats, needs a strong helping hand on landing in this world. Do not lose this golden opportunity of getting your own boat over, which is offered by "The Greatest of These—" Fund, when it asks for your generous support.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

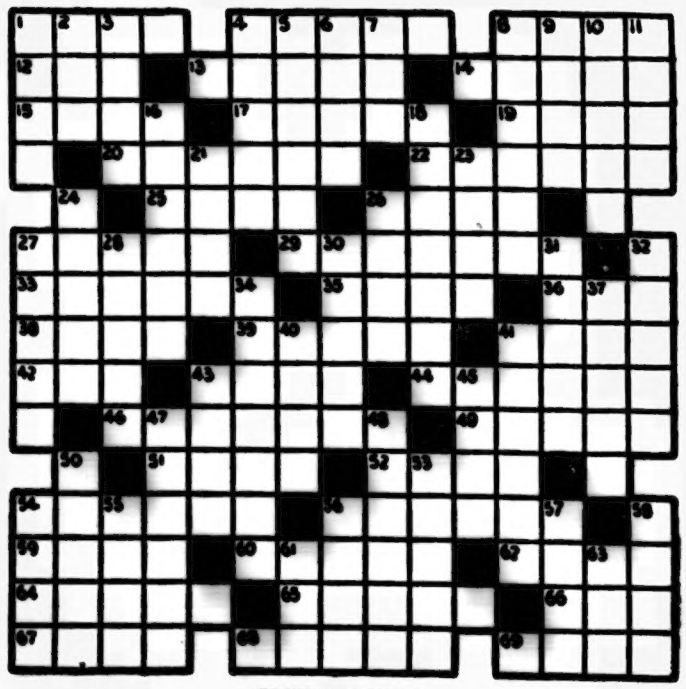
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Half-back, 2s. 6d.; Crongie (Kyleakin), 2s. 6d.; 9 3s. 3d.; J. F. Goring (Hurstmonceux), 3s.; Mrs. G. Ricardson (Coventry), 1s.; "Inasmuch" (Walthamstow), 2s. 6d.; Mr. Wm. Gibbs (Leyton), 5s.; Anon. (Millfield), 5s.; G. F. J. E. (Arbroath), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; A Regular Reader, 2s. 6d.; More to Follow, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; C. R. (Norwich), 9d.; M. J. T. (Ashford, Kent), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. Franks, 1s.; A Widow, 1s.; Mrs. A. Beer (Exeter), 3s.; C. M. Carter (Eastbourne), 1s.; L. S. Bulwell, 5s.; "L. G." (Evesham), 6d.; L. Nisbet (Glasgow), 10s.; H. C. Knight (Chiswick), 1s.; Miss J. Davis (Folkestone), 3s. 6d.; Mrs. E. M. Dixon (Diss), 1s.; Needful (Walsall), 5s.; Miss Price (Cirencester), 10s.; Anon. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 2s. 6d.; D. M. Canton (Pembroke), 2s. 6d.; Miss Walttinastel (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; Miss F. Turton (Canklow), 2s 1½d.; An Outsider, 5s.; A. B. (Glasgow), 2s.; "Feistead" (Sellindge), 5s.; F. E. W. (Northfleet), 2s.; "God is Near," 1s. 6d.; "Inasmuch" (Swansea), 1s. 6d.; M. Hearl (Droxford), 1s. 1½d.; A Friend, 4s.; Anon. (Tarleton), 2s. 6d.; "Two on Holiday," 2s. 6d.; E. Blackwood (Coatbridge), 3s.; Joseph Dugran (Clacton-on-Sea), 2s.; Mrs. A. Ousley (Bristol), £1 J. B. R., 2s. 6d.; G. H. Warren (Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.), 1s.; C. C. L., 10s.; Grateful Heart," 1s.; O. H. (Islip Street), 5s.; "Young Scot," 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

This Is Worth Trying



CLUES ACROSS

1. Money.
4. Falling off.
8. A sickle.
12. To strike.
13. Form.
14. Sword.
15. An astringent.
17. To expiate.
19. Broad.
20. Sterile.
22. A shade.
25. Observed.
26. Duration.
27. A portion.
29. Species of rich open work.
33. To call upon.
35. Dash.
36. Soft talk.
38. Tidy.
39. A proposer.
41. Vehicle.
42. Mean fellow.
43. Swift animal.
44. Talking bird.
46. To issue.
49. Garden flower.
51. Egg-shaped.
52. Leisure.
54. Long, thin plank.
56. Whalebone of commerce.
59. Indian servant.
60. Not these.
62. Character.
64. An outcast.
65. Stately.
66. Wrongdoing.
67. Furtive glance.
68. Sluggish.
69. A gathering.

CLUES DOWN

1. Conversation.
2. To be ill.
3. End.
4. A portion.
5. Hidden.
6. Resting on.
7. Mules.
8. A small cable.
9. Death.
10. Sequence.
11. Ship's main timber.
16. A charm.
18. Outer skin of fruits.
21. Vapour.
23. So let it be!
24. Name for certain skin diseases.
26. Story.
27. Nip.
28. Dodge.
30. To face with masonry.
31. Long for.
32. Silly.
34. Flowing.
37. Whole.
40. Spoken.
41. A bowl.
43. Possess.
45. Part of the choir.
47. A parent.
48. India-rubber.
50. To whom a cheque is payable.
53. Choose.
54. A dance.
55. A ribbon.
56. To pierce.
57. Human organ.
58. An outlet.
61. Female bird.
63. To prevaricate.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 32.

New Boxes Contain 50% MORE Zam-Buk

World-wide demand for this famous herbal balm has brought down the cost of its production, so that to-day the public can buy new packages containing 50% more Zam-Buk than the old sizes for the same money. There is now 7½d. worth more Zam-Buk in the larger new 1/3 size, and 1/6 worth more in the new 3/- size. Unequalled for eczema, ulcers, pimples, cuts, burns, rashes, poisoned wounds, insect bites, hæmorrhoids, etc.

PRICES SAME 1/3 and 3/-

A GOOD SUIT FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Suit Patterns FREE

We make you this Special Offer of a good tailor-made "Ready-to-Wear" Suit to prove our wonderful value. We offer you this well-tailored Suit, cut by experts in the latest style, with our guarantee of perfect fit and satisfaction in wear, made of fine quality material in the latest shades. Either Single or Double-Breasted for 68/-.

NO DEPOSIT

This offer is made to men in regular employment who require a good suit for business or Sunday wear. Simply send your name and address only: no money; give chest and inside leg measure, and say which shade we shall send you—New Plum, Dark Grey, or New Brown. Promise to pay 7/6 when you receive the suit, and 7 Quarterly and you have the suit to wear while paying for it. Write for one of these Suits to-day and say which colour we shall send you.

Gent's Boots and Shoes, Black or Tan, 29/-, or 4/- on delivery and 4/- monthly. Write for a pair and say size required.

MASTERS, LTD. 32, Hope Stores, RYE

FREE GRAMOPHONES. Portable, 57/- Horned, 67/- Hornless, 88/- Needles and 12 Tunes, 15/- worth, free. 4th can. Carriage forward. Not for Either send to appoint occupation; if approved and promise to send 2/- fortnightly. All can double. Delight or money back. Catalogue free.

15s. FREE 1s. A Week

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE DEPT. J.B., HASTINGS

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five this in all, ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque "p.o." & Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib.—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

To New Competitors

THE first step in *Bullets* is one which this week's attractive Holiday Offer makes a simple one. You must make up your mind to compete for that £300 First or one of those many big Holiday Prizes.

The next step is to turn your determination to win into a *Bullet* which will bring success. Try this way:

(1) Write down in a few words your views on any topic of general interest. This paper is full of such topics for *Bullets*.

(2) Select an *Example* entirely *unconnected* with the subject chosen.

(3) Now clothe your skeleton *Bullet* in flesh and blood by expressing your viewpoint in words which link up or contrast with the *Example* or with each other.

Test this *Bullets* method for yourself and another will probably occur to you—and another. As you go on you will find that the scope is almost limitless.

The more you juggle with words, the more fascinated you become. And then one morning comes the thrill of opening your first communication from JOHN BULL, bringing a "Target" Prize, a Postal Order or perhaps a substantial cheque to pay for your holiday.

Add *Bullets* to your interests and *Bullets* may soon be adding to your capital. Others are winning—why not you?

The result of Competition No. 659 ("Bullets" £3,000 Guinea Offer) will appear in our issue on sale Wednesday, July 18th.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Coupons for £2, £1 and £1 respectively will be sent to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition 682 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original Cheque for £420 awarded to the First Competitor in "Bullets" 670 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. Williams, Wolverhampton Road, Stafford.

SOLUTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 680.

ROUND THE WORLD	BLACK SHEEP
[illegible] SERIES	LASTS FOR EVER
IT'S LIFE'S LIKE	A POET
[illegible]	THE HARDEST
[illegible] FOR A WIFE	ORANGE BLOSSOMS
[illegible]	MOTHERS TO GO
[illegible] BY SERVES	UNDERSTOOD
[illegible] GOES WELL	A THOUSAND PITIES
[illegible]	PRETTY GIRLS
[illegible] IN THE DOCK	IS THE GOVERNMENT
[illegible] NEVER SHE GOES	ASLEEP?

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 682.

THE CHEAPEST
AMERICAN INVASION
BEFORE PARLIAMENT
SIMPLE FOLK
ACCOUNTS FOR EVERYTHING
WORTH THE MONEY
PAUL PRY
"WHAT IS WORK, DADDY?"
VOLUNTARILY
LADY NOVELIST
NOT ALWAYS
OUT OF THE WAY
TOO MANY HUSBANDS
A MASTERPIECE
THE SPEAKER
NOBODY LOVES HER
IMPUDENCE
SELECT COMMITTEE
STICKING IT
A STOWAWAY
VEIL OF SECRECY
OUR HOTELS
THANKS TO YOROSOFF
IDEAL HOLIDAY
HIS CONSTITUENTS
DRUDGERY
FASHIONABLE WEDDING
ALL ALIKE
WITHERING
PINNACLE OF FAME
WHEN WE'RE ALL DEAD
IS FLYING DANGEROUS?

ADDRESS COUPONS:—
"Bullets" No. 682, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. The following *Bullets* won the biggest prizes last week.

Example:—Is BABY A BLESSING? *Bullet*: PROBLEM—MOTHER'S "WORKING OUT."
Example: WHEN YOUNG *Bullet*: UNWORRIED—WHEN UNWORRIED, YOUNG.
Example: IN MEMORY'S GARDEN *Bullet*: "DIG"—DON'T "BURY YOURSELF."

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(682) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(682) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(682) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(682) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The finest Shaving-edge that Steel will take!

RUN your fingers over your face after using a Gillette Blade. Be critical. Notice especially the corners of the jaw—the point of the chin and other difficult to shave places!

You find smoothness everywhere. Not a trace of beard growth left.

The Gillette Blade is made of the finest blade steel under a perfected process of manufacturing. Vigilant inspections ensure consistent high quality.

Used in combination with the Gillette Safety Razor it is the ideal way to a perfect shave.

In packets of 10 (20 shaving edges) ... **4/6** Per packet of 5 (10 shaving edges) .. **2/3**

Sold by all Stores, Cutlers, Ironmongers, Hairdressers, Chemists, etc., throughout the country.

Gillette

SAFETY RAZOR

BLADES

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR Ltd., 184-188, Great Portland St., London, W.1

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